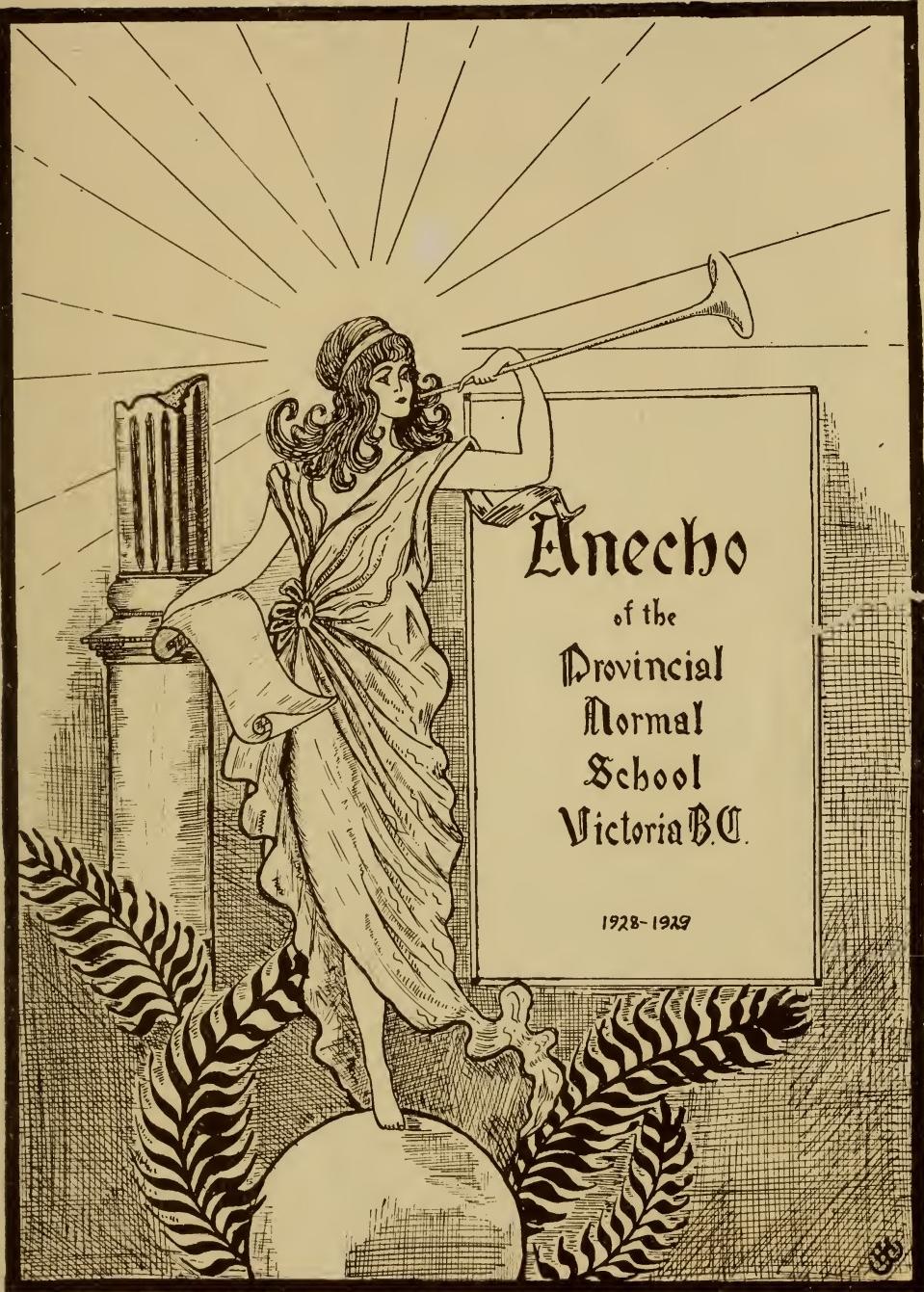




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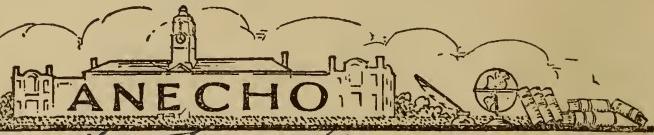


Anecho
of the
Provincial
Normal
School
Victoria B.C.

1928-1929

Kerry & Campbell
Esther Swanson

Hill



Bertha Fawcett.

Autographs

Violet James
Mr. Mc Kee per
Alma Lakes Woodhouse
Alice Dean
Annette McDonald
Emma H. Moore
Mary Sterling
Mrs. McMichael
Sonya Henderson
Anna Kinska
Nanaimo
Doris Brown
Florence Johnson
Mildred Palmer
Eunice Keene
Nellie Palmer
Margaret Gartrell
Esther Swanson
Edna Augerson
Esther Arthur
Frank Bennett
Vivian Hallaway
Charles B. Wren
Lora Stelling
Dorothy M. Anderson
Elsie Luscott
Rosa Parker
M. Johnson
Wendy Wright
Mary Gartrell



Mary Moore

Hilf. Tiched.

Dorothy Stiff
Bew Syte

Mary Moore

Bert O. Y.

Laura Adams

Autographs

Walter G. K.

Margaret Pettman

Isabelle Pike

Oliver Taylor

Isabelle Warwick

Kelen Moore

Winnifred Kiel

Audrey Mills

Babette Friend

Euse

Donald G. Kerr.

Babe Thompson

Winnifred Kiel

Dee Bagley

Janet Day

Gisela Dr.

John Rubio

Edward Smith

Endale

D. Majorow

Mark Set

Dat Guan

Vera Beeched.

Marquerite McRae

alice

G. Merson

Jim Beaupre

Annie Kennedy

from Far

Margaret Campbell

C. for friends

Ted Thompson

Agnes Ferguson

Iris

Bellie Spelman

Ted Saunders

Crawford

Peggy Lomell

Agnes Ferguson

Elcky

(Annie Sandberg

Olga Johnson

K. S. Bremmer

Ruth A. Hancock

Eleanor Roderton

W. S. Bremmer

To Mr. MacLaurin:

As a token of appreciation for the invaluable friendship we have experienced with you, Sir, to you may we affectionately dedicate the "Anecho".

We cannot sufficiently express our thoughts, how often you have noticed that, but this most of all, to at least show our happiness while under your guidance at this school. Soon we leave upon our own mission in life, but now with a stronger hold upon ourselves. We have benefited greatly by the Normal School course, have received inspirations and impressions which could not be otherwise than lasting, but, most important of all, our lives have been vitally affected by your influence and that of our other instructors, better termed as close friends. Tennyson is more eloquent than we—"I am a part of all that I have met".

We now offer this souvenir, trusting you may find that it truly represents your most recent classes, and something by which you will most easily remember them.





D. L. MACLAURIN

To The Faculty:

As the end of the term approaches, an inaudible murmur of feeling stirs the student body,—we are about to be cast off upon our own resources, and lost to us is the sympathetic interest and guidance of the Faculty at the Normal School.

With the most skilful of instruction they have done their best at all times to prepare us for teaching, one of the highest callings to which one could devote his life. For their life work they have chosen the art of inspiring others, and judge, ye students, how well *they* have done their duty.

To you, of the Faculty, may we express our gratitude for your excellent leadership, a poor return for the debt we owe. But as we take our leave, we keenly sense the benefit of our year at this institution, and realize now how you have shown us the fuller meaning of the "Teacher at his or her Profession".



N. Auton



Mr. MacLaurin
Principal



Mr. Denton



Mr. Dunnell



Yrs sincerely
Mrs. Riddell



Miss Isbister

Mr. Dunnell



Mr. Freeman



Mr. Wood

C.B. Wood



Sgt. Frost



Sgt. Bain



Miss Coursier



Miss Scanlin



Miss Baron



Miss Pierce

Oliver J. Purdy

Solace

“As the first flush of dawn o’erspread
the sky
I rose and wandered by the silvery sea;
The soft shades and the silence soothed
my soul,
And the sweet scent of morn o’er-
powered me.
All night my brain had hammered
to the tune
Of constant worry and of deep despair;
There seemed no comfort in the
mellow moon,
The darkness only magnified my care,
But as the first gold gleam of sun
dispelled
The mist of morning with a bright array
Of rose-tinged clouds, the blackness
of my gloom
Was lessened, and then softly slipped
away.”

— WINNIFRED BEALE





"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs.
He most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

To the Class of 1928-1929

Each has his philosophy of life. It may not be easy to define. It may not submit itself readily to measurement. Its source may be hidden, even mystical. These things do not disprove its existence.

In your work as teachers your philosophy of life is going to play a most important part. A teacher is something more than one who possesses good health, scholarship, vocational aptitude, professional training and worthy ideals. A child is more than a mere combination of a physical organism, a measurable intelligence, and certain emotional tendencies. That "something more" in the teacher brought into contact with that "more than" in a pupil introduces a factor in education that is elusive but wonderfully potent.

The sparkle and color in a precious gem is not merely a matter of crystal formation. It is not merely impingement of rays of light upon the crystals. The angle of incidence of the light rays has much to do with the resulting refraction. So the teacher's qualification may fall at various angles of incidence upon the individual differences of the pupil. The angle of incidence is determined by the teacher's philosophy of life. The resulting refraction is the product of this contact.

This product is not always measurable. Measure what you can of it by the most approved objective means. Not to do this is to attempt to work without tools. But to think your work is merely measuring and labelling is to turn a noble profession into a sorry trade. There is something spiritual and intangible in education that the most statistically reliable objective means has never measured. Much that cannot be measured is supremely important because it is imperishable.

"Set thy desire more high.
Thy buildings fade away
Because thou buildest clay.
Now make the fabric sure!
With stones that will endure!
Hewn from the spiritual rock,
The immortal towers of the Soul
At Death's dissolving touch shall mock,
And stand secure while aeons roll."

D. L. MACLAURIN.

EDITORIAL



B

THE "ANECHO" has now made its appearance. For the past few weeks it has been quite natural for some of us to anxiously await its arrival from the press, and now to hope for your approval. Although we have attempted to emphasize the "high lights" of the past year, there may be omissions that have been overlooked. But we trust that you will criticize the Anecho as a basis for many other recollections which will be recalled when you peruse its pages in years to come. It is quite true that many books we read eagerly now at our time of life, will be scarcely tolerable to us in a decade or two. "Very little of what lay so dewy and so wonderful in the dawn endures the vertical rays of noon." But will this ever be said of the Anecho, that in the future it might fail to maintain a maximum of interest for us?

To us this year has meant a great deal. The condensation of so many experiences, and the contact with some of the choicest characters as leaders of education, all in a mere ten months, have made upon our lives an imprint so well defined that our future actions cannot help but be colored by the atmosphere of the present.

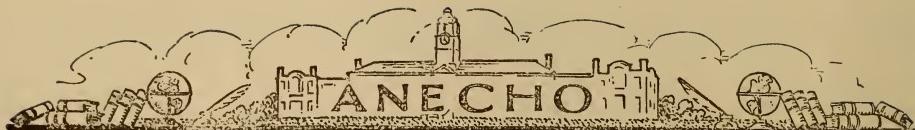
"Tatters of yesterdays and shreds of morrow clothe us everyone."

What is it that has shaken us so roughly that we awoke and found that we actually live in the true sense of that word? One is reminded of those few pregnant words our Principal gave when he delivered his message of welcome to us at the beginning of the term—we should find ourselves, after completing the course. We have revelled in a well-rounded programme of activities, have enjoyed them oftentimes to our utmost satisfaction. What more could we wish?

The above was written in the hope that it might attempt to express the sentiment which the writer feels is prevalent in every Normal student. Let us refer again to the Anecho itself.

It is impossible to acknowledge our many obligations for help in the work on this Annual. However, we have this opportunity to remember some we cannot pass by without some mention. First of all we have a business committee to whom we can say "well done." Mr. Ferguson's uncanny ability for the business end of the work, together with most able assistants, made possible this publication. Some of his work he guided while in a hospital bed, having the misfortune to break an arm, playing leap-frog with the Editor, but others carried on his instructions.

Several young ladies kindly gave their assistance as typists. Although they have not the satisfaction of seeing their own work here, we are aware that they have made a worthy contribution. Especially do we mention Miss Dykes.



Some people seem to work very quietly and efficiently. The editorial staff can quote to you someone who in their estimation attains to this lofty ideal. Which one of you can forget all Miss Piercy has done for you, the many scrapes and difficulties you have evaded due to her kindly guidance. We would like to thank her for lightening our many burdens.

Again we are indebted to some members of the faculty for their advice on several occasions. Mr. Freeman, Mr. Wood and Mr. Dunnell are proven friends. Our Principal also has shown his interest in our work at all times.

The circulation of this book is not very great, but we live in hopes that many of the Public School teachers will read of our appreciation for their part in training us for the profession. Through them we have been able to make practical applications of our studies at Normal.

* * *

Among our most cherished friends we have made this year is one from whom we could not fail to receive a parting greeting, Captain St. Clair. He kindly sends his words of comfort and courage to those who are also interested in the work he loves so much.

Captain St. Clair's Message

"Conscience is the power, or faculty, in man that enables him to distinguish right from wrong. It is an intuitive moral impulse: a moral imperative commanding that right be done. Remember, in your hour of need, that your conscience is your counsellor and your best friend."

Conscientious teachers are those who have won that reputation by doing with all their might whatsoever their hands found to do.

They can easily be told by the wonderful spirit of happy confidence that they possess, by the excellent results of their work, and by the fact that they never have anything to say about their conscientiousness.

Now, cheerio everybody, and the best of luck. Fortune favours the brave. Farewell!"

The Urge of Youth

Reason, our helmsman has not always been;
For some few years we drifted with the tide,
In sheltered harbors were content to hide.
Our goal, with favoring breeze the port to win:
A nearby port of happiness and ease,
Not distant harbors guarded by rough seas.

But now the swelling current holds us not;
We choose our course—there is the goal we seek,
The light on yonder island's mountain peak.
When through the surf and glassy sea we've sought
The light evades us, ever gleams afar—
We find that we are following a star.

ELIZABETH JONES.



L. Nichols
Ed.-in-Chief



G. Ferguson
Business Mgr.



A. Ironsides
Asst. Editor



A. McGee
Humour Editor



W. Shaw
Literary Editor



V. Beechy
Athl. Editor



F. Bennett
Art. Editor



W. Beale
Social Editor



N. West
Business



F. Timmel
Asst. Art Ed.



W. Keevil
Business



D. Hillam
Business

ANNUAL BOARD



Impressions

YOUNG CANADIANS, are you interested in how your vast country of prairies, forests, lordly mountains and mighty rivers, impresses the newcomer who has never seen such stretches of grain land, such forests, such towering mountains, or such wide rivers! Well is it named the land of rivers, lakes and snow-capped mountains.

But one doesn't feel this admiration on the night of landing; oh, no! After a good tossing on the Atlantic you think it is only fair that you should see Quebec, but you are disappointed. Not only is it dark, but raining; and to make matters worse there are legions of doctors and officials who want to know a hundred and one things about your life's history—ancestors, crests, family plate and so on. Besides these there are the customs officials. "No, I haven't any new clothes." Then your baggage is initialed and off to the train everyone goes uttering exclamations of relief and satisfaction that that business is over.

What trains! No wonder the six-year-old Canadian child said, when she saw the little English trains, "What dandy little trains!" But yours are such monsters. Indeed they are well equipped for the heavy task that we were soon to see they had to perform.

Will one ever forget that first night on the train? Everyone was just settled down for the night, and then the engine was changed. Once again we settled down. Then just as snores began to ascend to the roof—lo and behold the engine was changed again. This ceremony seemed to be performed about every mile, for it was nothing but bump, bump, bang! all night. But these disturbances are forgotten and obliterated in one's great eagerness and desire to see what Canada is like by day.

What, wooden houses! How will it feel to live in them? Well, on closer acquaintance they are just as comfortable as brick houses.

The train rushes on past lonely homesteads, through scattered villages and sparsely wooded country. There are occasional ten or fifteen-minute stops, and everyone is ready to jump out and stretch their legs.

Perhaps the lunch counters on the stations are visited.

"How much are oranges?"

"Fifty-five cents."

"Let's see, what is this change?"

"Oh, yes—two tens and a twenty-five cent piece."

At this stage coins are carefully examined, but by the journey's end only a cursory glance is necessary.

"What is this wide stretch of water—a lake?"

"No," the conductor tells us. "That is the Ottawa River," and his chest grew perceptibly bigger.

So the day goes on, as one looks first to this side, then to that, and the train still rattles on, over foaming rivers and through rocky, pine-wooded country.

Night falls—no use looking out of the window now, so books and cards are brought out to pass the time away.

The second night's ride doesn't seem nearly so bumpy as the first, and if one still bears the C. P. R. any grudges, early next morning all fade away at the glorious sight of the sun rising over Lake Superior.



The train hugs the shore of the lake for many miles. Finally we reach Fort William with its many grain elevators and lake steamers.

Tuesday, the third day on the train, one has a glimpse of the vastness of the prairies, for from early morning until dark we passed through the grain lands of Canada.

At Regina huge buildings are being erected, and painted on these, in large black letters for no one to miss, "The World's Grain Show, 1932."

Wednesday dawns—another beautiful morning, with the Rockies appearing in the distance, their snow-capped peaks often lost in the clouds.

At first the land was still arable, but towards Crow's Nest it became hilly and rougher, with trees growing from the most impossible places.

The train climbs up and up. Finally Crow's Nest is reached. A few minutes' stop, then past the Great Divide and into British Columbia. At last we have reached the "Sunset Province" and our destination.

After a stay of a few weeks in the heart of the Rockies, one starts for the Coast. This part of the journey is even more interesting than the first, for the trains and steamers alternate, and going over the Kettle Valley is a great experience for the newcomer.

Victoria at last, with its trams, henceforward to be known as street cars. The most important of these, in the opinion of the Normalites, is obviously "No. 10." This takes one to the Normal School.

Here, with the help of friendly tutors and students one is gradually oriented, but it is a slow process, made up of listening and of asking many questions.

Even so, one is glad that Mr. Denton, who doesn't believe in unrestricted immigration, was not at Quebec to turn the boat about; for I am beginning to like and appreciate your country, and, above all, your characteristic friendliness. And who knows that by June, when we scatter to the various parts of the Province, I may be able to sing, as heartily as you, "My Own Canadian Home."

HESTER CROOT.

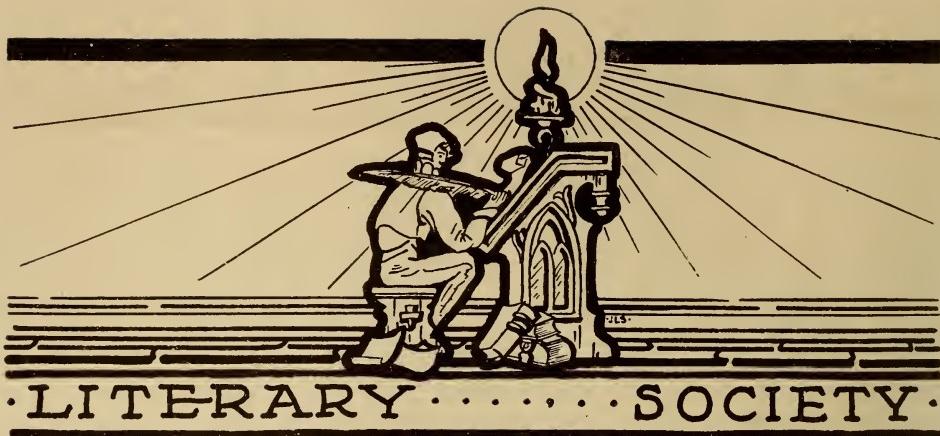
To a Humming Bird

Dainty little miracle of the air
Like a flash of fire;
Sipping of the nectar in the plants,
Thrusting in your beak to sup
Sweetness from each flower's cup,
Richest honey, nectar sweet and clear.

Gold and green, all colors bright,
Flash your shining way;
Whirring wings and body poised in air,
Dashing swift from place to place
Hovering then poised in space,
Gleaming, glinting, colors bright as day.

Like a flash you flit your airy paths,
Humming to your nest;
Little home neat woven 'mid the thorns;
To protect this tiny dwelling
See the brilliant feathers swelling:
Heart so gallant in so small a breast.

F. SNOWSELL.



LITERARY SOCIETY, 1928

HOW many of us will ever forget the feelings of mild suspense and awe with which we entered the auditorium to take part in our first literary meeting. From the four corners of our large Province we were gathered, almost complete strangers to each other. Little did we realize then what surprises and changes the year held in store for us. We now look back upon the term's work as a period of development, and we begin to realize that not a little of this development was due directly to the efforts of our literary society.

Shall we glance back for a few moments to recall some of the "high-lights" of the term's entertainment. Following the practice of preceding years, the first meeting was given over to the election of our literary officers, those chosen being:

President—Hope Leeming.

Vice-President—Marjorie Clark.

Other members of the executive—Ursula Thom, Mary Cullum, Frances Bennett, David Thompson.

The executive themselves undertook to put on the first entertainment, and succeeded in breaking the ice "in no uncertain manner." Thereafter, under their skilful guidance, the student body has enjoyed an appreciative series of weekly programmes which for originality, variety and true entertainment would be hard to surpass.

The initial programme was followed by a skit put on by Class A. Their whistling chorus and dancing marionette acts were very fine indeed.

Class B, not to be outdone, put on a burlesque entitled "Young Lochinvar," assisted by their able "cannery" chorus.

Next came Class C, who produced to our infinite delight, "The Singing School," followed by a sailor's hornpipe dance.

Class D was responsible for the succeeding entertainment, and furnished us with an animal act and a representation of the opening of a country school. This programme was further enhanced by the appearance of Class D quartette and orchestra.

Next came our memorable Hallowe'en Party, which, prior to a very enjoyable dance, the entire school assembled in the auditorium for the concert, the first stage in the evening's performance. Rumor has it that some Class D shieks spent their first moments on a dance floor on this occasion.

The following week we heard the reading of two plays, "The Robbery" and "Five Birds in a Cage."

Upon one of our most successful meetings the society presented for our unanimous approval "The Life of Schubert." Marguerite McKee read the biog-



raphy of this great musician, during the course of which several of his piano compositions were given by Ruth Hancock and Isabelle Pike. Ursula Thom and Hope Leeming gave us a group of Schubert songs, while others were heard on the phonograph.

The pupils of the Model School entertained us with a concert of Christmas carols at the last meeting of the session.

The attempts of the Literary Society during this session, as can be gleaned from this brief report, were unusually interesting and entertaining, due to the talent discovered amongst the student body, and to the untiring work of the president, Hope Leeming, and her able executive.

May we extend to the society our sincerest thanks for their work, given so ungrudgingly on our behalf.

LITERARY SOCIETY, 1929

Late in the Fall the student body voted in the Literary Society officers for the second term. John Bowbrick, president; Walter Shaw, vice-president; Miss Ursula Thom, secretary; Miss Margaret Robinson, Class A; Miss Margaret Scott, Class B; Miss Avis McGee, Class C; George Ferguson, Class D.

The first Friday in January presented its problem of what to do. Someone suggested that a mock trial would be in order, so it was decided that the officers of the Literary, Dramatic and Debating Societies should join in staging one. With the introduction of new ideas the trial took on a burlesque attire. Beverly Fyfe was charged with "misconduct during the fall term." Jeff D'Arcy was the judge, Winifred Beale and John Bowbrick the counsel for the defense, while Ursula Thom and Walter Shaw prosecuted for the Crown. Witnesses called by the defense were: George Ferguson, as inspector of Normal Schools; Avis McGee, as Mrs. Campbell-Beans, Fyfe's landlady; Margaret Scott, as Iona Okopogus, Normal student; and Mae Tulley, as a Sunday School teacher. Witnesses for the Crown were John Rukin, as Mr. Campbell-Beans; Margaret Robinson, as a music teacher; Betty Davis, as a waitress, and Iris Vye, as Cerebrum Tellalie, Normal student. Charlie Trotter, Wilf Orchard and Dot Sprinkling made up the police force. Tom Little was registrar; Agnes Lang, clerk, and the jury, Algoma Ironsides and Russ Martin. The lawyers and judge wore gowns kindly lent by the Supreme Court of British Columbia, while the three cops tried to fill uniforms and hats kindly lent by the Victoria Police Department.

The entire cast cracked and ate peanuts throughout the play. The judge tripped over his gown coming in. The prisoner appeared in a yellow-striped sweater, a basketball and string about his ankle and sucking a lemon. He just managed to get his foot in the prisoner's box. The witnesses were unduly sworn in and each had their turn in the packing case marked "witness box." The evidence was terribly jumbled. The inspector of Normal schools gave his I. Q. as 40 below zero. Witnesses alternately whitewashed and lampblacked the prisoner's character. The judge went to sleep, and on the registrar calling for order, awoke and shouted: "Waffles and coffee!" The landlady thought the defendant a saint, but her husband showed him up in true light. Fyfe then demanded a higher court, so the judge raised his bench up some two feet with the inquiry, "Is this high enough?" The staff when brought in proved to be a six-foot pole. Finally, the accused gave a most heartrending appeal that he be allowed to stay in school, his last word being, "Judge, did you ever suck a lemon?" The jury disagreed, one receiving a decorated optic. It was then that the judge showed



himself to be a second Solomon by passing the sentence that the prisoner should "be tickled to death."

Most of the dialogue was impromptu and so is lost, but the memory that remains with those who saw the trial is a pleasant one, to say the least.

Succeeding Friday afternoons saw much talent brought forth. January 18 saw a musical affair with a member from each class taking part. Dances, debates and plays took away several of the afternoons for Lit. programmes, but each class had the opportunity to take over one period and present its talent. Class D's programme was featured by chorus singing, recitations, songs and readings. Class B's programme was a varied one, including vocal and instrumental numbers exceedingly well done, recitations, readings and the presentation of an original sketch, "Student Night Life."

On March 1 Captain Sinclair gave two splendid addresses, one on "Hygiene," and the other on "Our American Cousins." In the latter he described his impressions gained on a recent trip to California. He offered a prize for the best essay written by any student on either of his lectures.

The programme of March 22 was arranged for the special benefit of the Model Schools, and consisted of suitable songs, recitations and readings. The high light of the afternoon was, however, a rejuvenated version of last term's animal show with the goat, the elephant, the giraffe and "Spark Plug" all present. Class C's programme represented the closing exercises of a country school in British Columbia, and presented dances, nursery rhymes, club drills, songs and recitations. Class A topped all programmes by offering several musical numbers of the highest order, the screen scene from Sheridan's "School For Scandal," done in modern dress, and winding up with a full chorus singing "In the Little Red School House."

As this goes to press, future plans call for a "Charles G. D. Roberts Day" and an "E. Pauline Johnson Day." Only half the school will witness each of these programmes, because of the country teaching arrangements.

"The Prince Who Was a Piper," an outdoor play in costume, is being put on at the Garden Tea of June 7, at which all the critic teachers are to be entertained. The principals are: Miss Hilda Knight, Miss Sylvia Johnson, Mr. Robert Sommers, Mr. J. D'Arcy, Mr. Russell Martin and Mr. Robert Huddleston.

Then comes June 15 and the Banquet and the going home and the leaving of a deserted school on the hill, deserted until next Fall, when the whole programme starts over again.

Thus endeth the chronicle of a most worthy and honorable society.

Rambling

I own a lark and a hill and a bee,
And I lent them all to April.

* * *

This morning April called for me,
And we climbed up my hill
And looked down on my sea,
And I smelled April's sweetness
And laughed with my bee,—
But my dog ran off and played.

B. E. DAVIES.

1928



J. Bowbrick
Vice Pres.



M. Clark
Sec.-Treas.

LITERARY

1929



W. Shay
Vice Pres.



H. Lumming
President



J. Bowbrick
President



U. Thom
Sec.-Treas.

DEBATING

AND

DRAMATICS

A. Ironsides
Vice Pres.



D. Sprinkling
Sec.-Treas.



L. Nicholls
President



B. Fyfe
President



D. Sprinkling
Vice Pres.



W. B. Mayo
Sec.-Treas.



R. Walcutt
Vice Pres.



T. Little
President



J. D'Arcy
President



A. Lang
Vice Pres.

1928



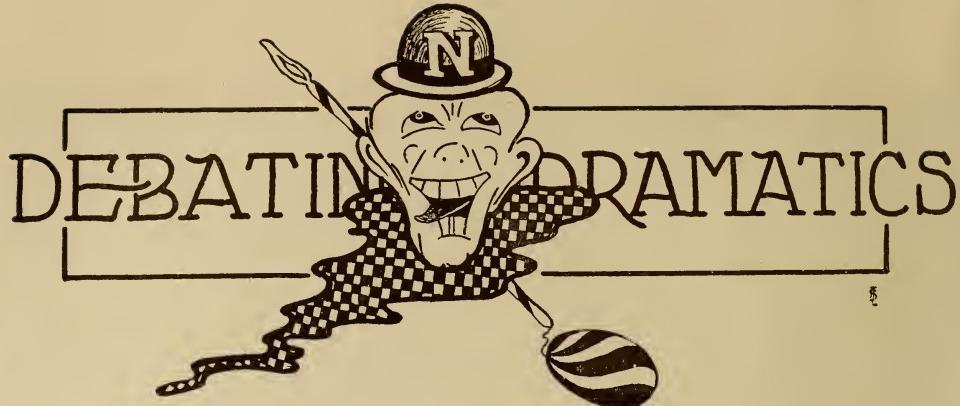
V. Beechey
Sec.-Treas.

ATHLETICS

1929



T. Little
Sec.-Treas.



DURING the sessions 1928-29, debating has taken a very prominent place in the activities of the students. The two executives, with the enthusiastic help of Mr. Wood, arranged a series of debates which were educational, humorous, and above all, of universal appeal. By the giving of their best the debaters stimulated the entire student body to give these debaters their whole-hearted support.

The first debates took the form of a contest between the classes for the championship of the school. The teams were evenly matched, making the competition keen. Yet, in spite of the charming manner, polished elegance and logical presentation of the young ladies, the men's class surmounted all opposition and carried off the honors. This was an unimportant but interesting feature of the competition. Their real value became evident when they revealed such a large number of talented and competent debaters.

Debating reached its climax of interest on January 10, when the Normal School debated against the Civil Service Club. Many of the students were at the Sons of Canada Hall to hear the discussion, and also to support Miss Mills and Mr. D'Arcy. Both our debaters showed up well, and although they lost, the defeat was well taken. When we realize that their opponents were debaters of much greater experience we must congratulate Miss Mills and Mr. D'Arcy on their ability to give them such a close run.

After Christmas just two regular debates were staged. These were rather spectacular, as they broke away from the old ideas of debating and strove for new methods. The object of the first debate was to give the students practice in judging. Each person in the audience made a decision. Then these were all taken into account in deciding the winners. At the close Mr. MacLaurin gave a short talk on the higher ideals of debating.

The last debate reflected much of the thinking that had been aroused by Mr. MacLaurin's talk on debating. The debaters chose their own subject and took sides according to their convictions. The obnoxious part was done away with, as no contradicting of arguments was allowed. Instead of a decision, Mr. Denton gave a summary of the points, along with his own views. The executive realizes that this form of debate is still imperfect, but we feel that it is a step in the right direction. To future students we leave the problem, hoping that they will take it up where we left off, and finally arrive at something which proves to be worthwhile.

CALENDAR OF DEBATES

October 12, 1928—Resolved, "That the time is now ripe for the rapid development of aeroplane passenger service in Canada."

Class C (affirmative) : Avis McGee, Marjorie McMillan.

Class D (negative) : Leonard Nicholls, John Bowbrick.

Decision in favor of the negative.



November 9, 1928—Resolved, "That the manners and morals of today are better than a century ago."

Class A (affirmative): Dorothy Hillam, Vera Beechy.

Class B (negative): Betty Davies, Winnifred Beale.

Decision in favor of the negative.

December 7, 1928—Resolved, "That Mussolini is a benefactor to humanity."

Class D (affirmative): William Mouat, Walter Shaw; Class B (negative): Audrey Mills, Margaret Scott.

Decision in favor of the affirmative.

February 1, 1929—Resolved, "That a technical education be available for every child in British Columbia." (One debater from each class.)

Affirmative: Lou Hill, Claire Thompson.

Negative: Peggy Linnell, Arthur Patterson.

The student body gave the decision to the negative.

March 15, 1929—Resolved, "That the present immigration policy of the Dominion is beneficial."

Affirmative: Margaret Scott, Algoma Ironside.

Negative: Winnifred Beale, John Bowbrick.

No decision in this case.

January 10, 1929—A public debate. Resolved, "That it would be in the best interests of Canada if the present nine provinces were reduced to five."

Affirmative: The Civil Service Team.

Negative: Audrey Mills, Geoffrey D'Arcy.

Decision in favor of the affirmative.



Hope Leeming

At Christmas time the Normalites lost an invaluable member in the person of Hope Leeming, who left us to go back to her U.B.C. home, to finish her training. As President of the Literary Society for the first term, she is largely responsible for many excellent programmes and other functions of that body. We are confident that you will always be as successful as you have already been, Hope, but will never forget us at Normal.





Dramatics

THE Dramatic Society has been an exceedingly active organization. There is much splendid talent amongst the students, and those who have taken part in any of the plays have had a great deal of fun besides contributing to the success of the Dramatic Society. The first play, "The Deceivers," was presented during the Hallowe'en entertainment on November 2. The cast consisted of Ruth Hancock, the wife; Leonard Nicholls, her husband; and George Ferguson, the burglar, whose opportune arrival prevented a family tragedy. All three actors played their parts with keen interpretation, and had a finish that proved them to be perfectly at home on the stage.

On December 20, before the Christmas dance, "The Florist Shop" was presented by a picked cast. They had worked hard under the direction of Mr. Wood, and produced a play that was distinctly creditable.

Hope Leeming played the part of Miss Wells, a delightful, timid maiden lady, who had been engaged for eighteen years. The charm of Hope's acting pervaded the entire play. We were extremely fortunate in having her in the cast, she is such a brilliant and finished actress, who distinguished herself at University in dramatic activities.

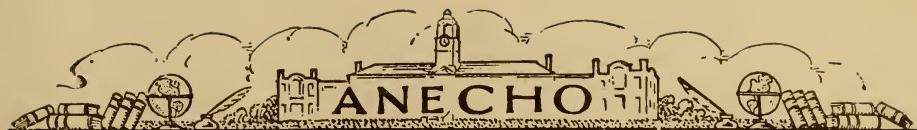
Mr. Jackson, faithful fiancee of Miss Wells, portrayed by Beverley Fyfe, who seems able to throw himself whole-heartedly into any part.

Walter Shaw, as "Slovsky," the Jewish proprietor of the shop, seemed to take on the personality of "Ikey" for the evening. The part of "Maude," the sympathetic "goil" who answered the telephone and charmed Mr. Slovsky's customers, was taken by Bernice Chapman. Charlie Trotter was Maude's confidant and shop boy.

The annual Spring plays were presented on February 22. Three one-act plays were chosen by the executive, and under the efficient coaching of Mr. Wood reached a high standard of excellence. The first play was a farce by A. A. Milne, "The Man in the Bowler Hat." By means of revolvers, weird screams and wicked villains, an atmosphere of adventure and intrigue was readily obtained. Walter Shaw, as the hero, made a passionate and peerless lover, and Alice Reay, as his "Dolores," was a most effective heroine. John and Mary, a very ordinary middle-aged couple, were rapidly transposed from their uneventful life to a scene of violence and mystery. These parts were taken by John Bowbrick and Winnifred Beale. George Ferguson made a realistic chief villain—the most practised villain in the world would have become more nonplussed over twenty hat boxes in twenty different London stations. Geoffrey D'Arcy, the bad man, both looked and acted the part to perfection. His tortuous instincts received great satisfaction in jabbing the long-suffering hero with a pin. Wallace Love, as the title character, made a critical stage director, his unexpected announcement creating a grand climax, to the amazement of the audience.

Avis McGee was originally cast for the part of Mary, but was unable to perform, due to illness.

The second play, "The Last Cache," was of a totally different character. The fact that it was written by a Vancouver playwright, the late Isobel Ecclestone MacKay, makes it of particular interest. The plot centres in a logging camp in the woods of B. C. The proprietor of the roadhouse, Zeb Ray, a rough-and-ready individual, was splendidly portrayed by Tom Little. His daughter, "Melia," was played by Florence Dendoff, who had a very difficult role and filled it ad-



mirably. Leonard Nicholls, as Ben Blake, a young prospector, who yielded to the temptations of starvation and deserted his pal, was superb. His interpretative acting was much appreciated by the audience.

Norman West as Ned Lawson, Melia's accepted lover, was a gay, lovable lad who proved his mettle. Algoma Ironsides made an impressive Mountie as Sergeant Ingram of the R. N. W. M. P. The parts of Nosey, Big Jake and Slippery Sam, lumberjacks, were respectively played by John Rukin, Bert O'Neil and Russell Martin. Dave Thompson made a wonderfully realistic Chinese cook as Ling, and created quite a sensation with his hot soup, "burn 'em pleasantly inside."

The third play, "Grandma Pulls the String," was a tremendous success. Dorothy Sprinkling, as Grandma, kept the audience in splendid humor from her first entrance. Whether she had the "rheumatiz" or not, she was exceedingly dexterous, hurling her ball of yarn at the feet of the lovelorn couple. Beverley Fyfe made a passionate and persistent lover. His proposals, both at Grandma's instigation and that of Hildegarde's were uproariously funny and spoke of much experience, on the stage or otherwise.

Betty Davies, as Hildegarde, made a dear, lovable little sister, whose serious efforts to make Julia's romance a path of roses were regarded in the end. Having her own idea as to how proposals should be carried out, Hildegarde made all the necessary arrangements for the lovers. Isobel Monteith, as Julia, made a pretty heroine and played her part skilfully. Her exasperation with her family's efforts to manage her love affair was natural, but "Oh, Bill"—of course she would.

Dorothy Hillam was Julia's blasé elder sister, who had been "married three years." Pauline Downey made a delightfully sympathetic mother.

These plays were open to the public, and a large, appreciative audience filled the auditorium.

The Friday following the plays the three casts and the dramatic executive held a surprise party in honor of Mr. Wood, who had done so much towards the success of the performance. It is difficult to imagine what the Dramatic Society will do next year without Mr. Wood's efficient direction.

WINNIFRED BEALE, Sec.

Climbing: A Teacher's Song

I try to hold a steady lamp
For little feet that stumble,
And help to loose the vexing knots
For little hands that fumble.

I strive that I may always be
Patient, strong and wise;
My rich reward is that I see
The light in children's eyes.

But God, hold thou my other hand
(For one is clasped in theirs);
So shall we climb, both they and I,
Thy long and toilsome stairs.



Personals

Class A

PHYLLIS ARCHIBALD (Nelson) ✓

Guardian of the Attendance Slip. Being the first name on our register, Phyllis finds it necessary to be prepared for the first question in every history lecture.

"Success is in the silences,
Though fame be in the song."

VERA BEECHEY (Victoria) ✓

Our brains in Hygiene. "Yes, I see that, but I don't see how—." Vera was chosen as Secretary of the Athletic Executive for the first term and it was through her "initiative" that the hockey team was a success. You will notice that Vera is the author of that brilliant Sports Editorial. And another thing, Vera is one of Class A's star debaters.

IVY BIRD (Armstrong) ✓

"Dickie" is one of Class A's songbirds, contributing greatly to our Friday afternoon programmes. She is a brown-eyed, fun-loving girl whose cheerful smile will always win for her a host of friends.

OLIVE BROWN (Kelowna) ✓

Besides being one of our star basketball players, Brownie came a close second in the ping-pong finals. Her favorite pastime seems to be studying, so she certainly ought to become an excellent teacher, even in a class of Grade VIII. boys.

MARGARET CAMPBELL (Nelson) ✓

Margaret is one of the taller members of our class who sets the rest of us an excellent example by her posture. She is well liked for her cheery smile and admired for her perseverance in her studies.

✓ BERNICE CHAPMAN (Shawnigan Lake) ✓

Our sympathetic "flower girl." Also a basketball and hockey enthusiast. Bernice believes in answering questions even when she doesn't know the answer.

Q. Are we last on the road?

A. No, I see Bernice coming.

✓ DOROTHY CLARKE (Victoria) ✓

One half of the Babes in the Wood. She has the noted appearance of an artist, and really is one. Her only amusements are drawing and reading (so she says), but we have our doubts, for we have seen her sparkling brown eyes shine with a most unholy light of mischief.

HILDA COPELAND (Okanagan Centre) ✓

The other half of the Babes in the Wood. Usually found wandering around at 5 P.M. doing History (?) or in the ping-pong room. Billie's wonderful sense of time in music is shown in her accompaniments during music periods.

MARGARET COTTER (Nelson) ✓

We never hear her called anything but "Cotter," though we find she is Margaret in our registers. She showed her ability as an actress in her portrayal of "Joseph Surface." "Cotter" has at least two innate tendencies—one is being brilliant in mental arithmetic, the other is being happy.



CLASS A

Reading from left to right

E. Greenidge, M. Campbell, I. Bird, U. Thom, M. Pardy, M. Peatt, H. Murray, D. Sprinkling,
 A. Lang, M. Gartrell, M. Robinson, M. Laird, C. Woodhouse, W. Keevil, L. Willing, B. Chapman,
 M. Coxworth, O. Dykes, M. McKee, V. Beechy, D. Margison (Class Reporter), P. Drummond, C. Moore,
 D. Moore, B. Webster, B. Waites, H. Moore, P. Archibald, N. Williams, H. Copeland, H. Knight,
 D. Clark, M. Cotter, O. Brown, M. Tully, D. Moody, M. Scott, D. Hillam, C. Thompson.



✓ MARGARET COXWORTH (Victoria) ✓

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye."

Marguerite is one of Class A's brilliant ping-pong players. Lucky the pupils who get this curly-haired maiden for a teacher.

✓ PATRICIA DRUMMOND (Oak Bay) ✓

Our lady of leisure who drives her own car to school every morning. Also a ping-pong enthusiast. Everyone knows our tall, slender Pat with her becoming frame of "Mary Pickford" curls.

✓ OLIVE DYKES (Nanaimo) ✓

One of our aces in basketball. Her study of twins changed the opinion of the class from favoring environment to heredity. Also one of our History enthusiasts. We are glad one of the boys leaves his texts in her desk.

✓ MARY GARTRELL (Summerland) ✓

Another of the tall members of our class. If a district is judged by its people; and if Mary, whose virtues are in direct ratio to her height, is a sample of the residents of Summerland—well, let's all move there!

✓ ELSIE GREENIDGE (Victoria) ✓

You can't say "no" to a red-haired girl. Elsie's great delight and favorite pastime is swimming. She may be seen gracing the pool of the Crystal Gardens every Friday night. If you're not sure where Elsie is you will find her in the ping-pong room.

✓ DOROTHY HILLAM (Nelson) ✓

Commonly called "Sparky." Her sophistication was shown in "Grandma Pulls the Strings," where she took the part of Mona. One of the business managers of the Annual Board and a most popular member of the Normal School. On all committees she has worked sparklingly and we know her school will be a spark for B. C.

✓ ELIZABETH JONES (Victoria) ✓

A home product, and those who know Betty believe the slogan "Home Products are Best." Normal has evidently proved too much of an ordeal, for she has decided she cannot undergo the trials and tribulations of instructing youthful minds next year and intends to resume her studies at U. B. C. first. A "premiere" alto singer and an enthusiastic member of the basketball team.

✓ WINNIE KEEVIL (Metchosin) ✓

Here's Winnie's motto: "A cheery smile for all and a helping hand—especially to late stragglers on Shelbourne Street at 8.30 in the morning." A business manager of the Annual and, from what we have heard, very successful in persuading people to insert ads.

✓ HILDA KNIGHT (Vancouver) ✓

Our only member who has attended U.B.C. Her outstanding dramatic ability came to light in the part of "Lady Teazle." Hilda is also one of our basketball captains and a firm believer in heredity.

✓ MONA LAIRD (Victoria) ✓

Another true Victoria product. Mona's voice and violin have made her famous on the Normal stage. She is a prominent member of the illustrious Laird gang. Mona's favorite expressions seem to be (1) "Oh, where's Dickie?" (2) "Who's got the history book?"

✓ AGNES LANG (Victoria) ✓

Commonly known as Steve. Agnes is our Athletic Vice-President and specializes in basketball and ping-pong. But that's not all! Her sweet smile and bonnie blue eyes make us believe that she will be a great success in her "little red schoolhouse."



DOROTHY MARGISON (Victoria) ✓

"To play the game of life with a smile. To have friends and be a friend." That's Dorothy. Another product of our Sunshine City. She greatly advocates "a few minutes silence" as a means of obtaining discipline. A tennis enthusiast and class representative on the Annual Board.

DOROTHY MOODY (Victoria) ✓

We all admire Dorothy for her industry. She always has things done better than anyone else and before anyone else. Her long raven tresses are one of the wonders of the school. Her motto is:

"Whatever you do, do with your might,
For things done by halves are never done right."

CARRIE MOORE (Hilliers, Vancouver Island) ✓

From her manner we take it that Carrie's desire is "to be seen but not heard." She finds this difficult, however, as she sits in the back seat of the middle row. Another student who promises a successful teacher.

DORIS MOORE (Fort Fraser) ✓

Class A is relieved of at least one burden. We need not strain our imaginations with respect to the trials and tribulations of our as yet misty future while we have Doris in our midst. "I know—. At home we—." Doris is one of the members of Class A who is really keen on her work. Also a great basketball enthusiast. The high scores of her team are largely due to her.

HELEN MOORE (Creston) ✓

The girl who really does know how to teach "extended ranks." What can we say about her guarding in basketball? C Class was so disgusted they left the ring around the basket for posterity. Helen is also an enthusiastic member of the hockey team.

HELEN MURRAY (Grand Prairie, Alberta) ✓

Tall and queenly,
Floats through Normal quite serenely;
Blue eyes and a winning smile,
Just to meet her is worth-while.

Our genius in Grammar. Helen will quote anything from a particle to a nominative absolute if you just ask her.

MARGUERITE McKEE (Courtenay, Vancouver Island) ✓

One of the few girls who really possesses "that pianiste touch." Just put a sheet of music in front of Marguerite and the ivories begin to fly under her nimble fingers. She is also the lucky possessor of a lovely soprano voice. Her favorite sports are ping-pong and basketball.

MARTHA PARDEY (Salmon Arm) ✓

Our little gypsy! The crack shot of our A1 basketball team. Martha never misses a basket. Also a mermaid. Evidences of artistic ability on her part have been witnessed by all at Normal.

"I never trouble trouble
And trouble never troubles me."

MARGARET PEATT (Victoria) ✓

Our Peggy O'Neill—blue eyes, smile and all. More would recognize this fact if Peggy were not so quiet. Why is Chesapeake Bay important, Peggy?

MARGARET ROBINSON (Cumberland, Vancouver Island) ✓

Genius burns here! Margaret shines at everything from ping-pong to school administration. She is our Literary Representative, filling the position in a clever and original manner. Class A's concert in the Literary Society was largely the result of her strenuous efforts. We all look up to Margaret. What would Class A do without her?



DOROTHY SPRINKLING (Victoria) ✓

Everyone knows our "Dot." As Vice-President of the Debating and Dramatic Society, Dorothy did much to bring about its success this past term. Dot proved to everyone finally and conclusively that she is a real actress by her wonderful portrayal of Grandma in "Grandma Pulls the String." Dot's motto is "What's worth doing at all, is worth doing right."

URSULA THOM (Penticton) ✓

A true bit of sun from the sunny Okanagan. Ursula is the bright-eyed, black-haired damsel who reads the minutes so beautifully every Friday afternoon. Ursula is keen about everything connected with school work, from sports to studying, not to mention singing. Here Ursula is our shining light.

CLARE THOMPSON (Kelowna) ✓

Clare is a farmerette and can tell you all about the industries around Kelowna. We love the way Clare answers in school administration periods. "Yes-I-see-that-all-right-but—" She also distinguished herself as one of Class A's debaters.

MAE TULLY (Fernie) ✓

Here we come to our Scotch lassie. Mae is Class A's representative on the Debating and Dramatic Society. Remember how hard she worked to get us to buy tickets for the plays? Her efforts brought success just the same. Mae is also one of our crack basketball players. She can actually get a basket from near the centre!

BERTHA WAITES (Victoria) ✓

Another native daughter. Victoria High School and College have both contributed to her education, and her high standard of work in those institutions has been well sustained this year. At Normal, Bertha's sunny smile and helpful way have won for her a host of friends who all wish her the best of success in her chosen profession.

BARBARA WEBSTER (Vernon) ✓

The shining light in our Athletic world. Babs is our representative on the Athletic Association, and she is one of the reasons why Class A is so keen on basketball. Her enthusiasm makes us all eager to do our best. In this and other fields we expect great things of our "lathewood."

NORA WILLIAMS (Victoria) ✓

Here's to Nora:

With grey eyes and jet-black hair,
Happy is she and free from care;
Peppy and clever and full of fun,
Known and liked by everyone.

Nora is another of our crack basketball shots.

LOIS WILLING (Esquimalt) ✓

Our little mouse. We wonder how she manages to keep so quiet, even when all her neighbors are talking. Like her name, Lois is always willing to help anyone, and Class A would not seem like Class A without her.

CLARICE WOODHOUSE (Fernie) ✓

Clarice occupies a unique position in our room—the last girl in the last row. For this reason she is not given much opportunity to be silent in class. This young lady, we believe, lives in dread of Nature periods in the Laboratory, where she is fast finding out the deep mysteries of the atmosphere.



Class B

✓ ELEANOR ANDERTON (Victoria) ✓

Besides being responsible for Class B's attendance slip Eleanor is known for:
She always keeps the Golden Rule
And learns her lessons well at school.

✓ EDNA ANGRIGNON ✓

Edna comes from the Sunny Kootenays, and brings the sunshine in her pleasant smile. We expect she will be carrying it to some other part of B. C. next year.

✓ WINNIFRED BEALE (Cranbrook) ✓

Commonly known as "Witchy." She is the guiding force of Class B in debating, dramatics, swimming and everything that calls for brains and hard work. She represented us in the annual plays in a way that made us proud of her. Without "Witchy" Class B would be a ship without a captain.

✓ MARGARET BURT (Victoria) ✓

"I used to think I knew I knew I knew
But now I must confess
The more I know I know I know
I know I know the less."

✓ MARJORIE CLARK (Gordon Head) ✓

Marj is a live wire—beware of shock! Nevertheless she filled the office of Secretary of the Lit. last term with competent charm. A good fellow always willing to lend a hand. "If I had a pen, I'd do my Grammar, if I had some paper."

✓ ALMA COOPER (Kelowna) ✓

A songbird from the interior. In spite of her petite figure, Alma makes an austere and capable pedagogue.

The tomatoes are on the bough
In Kelowna now.

✓ MARY CULLUM (Gordon Head) ✓

Lit. rep. for the Fall term. Judging from some of Skeezix's work she is trying to rival Socrates in wisdom. As for her name "Skeezix," it is not characteristic of her disposition at all:

But what's in a name? A nose
By any other name
Would smell equally well
If not better.

✓ BETTY DAVIES (Victoria) ✓

Everyone knows that Betty is "ultra-modern," yet by her clever acting in "Grandma Pulls the Strings" she fully convinced us that her ideas on how to "pop the question" were very old-fashioned. We must not forget her debating this year, either. Then Betty is artistic and could certainly make her living by this means in case she should at any time think of discarding the worthy profession of teaching.

✓ PAULINE DOWNEY (Courtenay) ✓

Pauline's presence is always betrayed by "the lilt of Irish laughter." She made a sweet indulgent mother in "Grandma Pulls the Strings," but acting is not her only accomplishment. When any singing needs to be done, "Where's Pauline?" is the general question. Her good nature, coupled with her conscientious ways will always spell for her "Success."

✓ ELSIE ECCLES (Victoria) ✓

Elsie is well known as an ardent ping-pong enthusiast and all her spare time is spent in the ping-pong room. In the tournament she reached the semi-finals. Elsie is everybody's friend and confidante and we all wish her the best of luck.

✓ DOROTHY EVANS (Esquimalt) ✓

Very emphatic when teaching, but a true lover of youngsters.

"Bring me yon infidel ignoramus that I may have opportunity to belch forth my learning."



AGNES FERGUSON (Ladysmith) ✓

Agnes is a quiet member of our class, but nevertheless she is a good worker. "Does thy toil consume the midnight oil?" Agnes—"I do my work—nothing shirk."

RUTH HANCOCK (Nelson) ✓

Besides being the most popular minstrel of the school, Ruth also makes a beautiful blonde actress, shown by her performance in the Hallowe'en play.

Her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise, and good as she is fair.

JANET HAY (Victoria) ✓

One of the little girls of Class B, but she has a big voice—a lovely one at that. Generally speaking she is "generally speaking." Is that one effect of a back seat, Janet?

INGA HENDRICKSON ✓

One of the members of our class who can be looked up to. Inga's belief:

Time, place and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born, and never can be taught.

LUCY HILL (Vernon) ✓

Otherwise known as "Lou." Hails from Vernon—in other words she is another one of those "big apples." Lou's favorite pastime is showing us how the "Interiorites" can shoot, and she is one of B's big debaters, too.

VIOLET HOLLOWAY (Saanich) ✓

A good worker to save Class B's reputation.

For I have merits, yea a-many
Yet I but display a few.

DOROTHY HOWE (Victoria) ✓

Dot is another of our ping-pong enthusiasts, but she shows a keen interest in every other line of school activity as well.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in a woman."

ANNIE KENNELL

Is one of the quietest members of Class B. She never gets flustered in spite of accumulating assignments, and is one of the few students who never seems to forget or lose anything.

AUDREY MILLS (Victoria) ✓

Audrey is a debater of no mean merit. She upheld the honor of the P. N. S. against the Civil Service Club, and we can say she gave those veterans no easy victory. An unassuming girl, a good disciplinarian, and a friend in need.

EMMA MOORE (Nanaimo)

Maybe she's quiet and gentle-eyed, but "Still waters run deep." She wields a wicked pencil, so when a poster is needed for anything Emma has her work cut out for a little while.

ANNARETTA McDONALD ✓

Is a simple, sincere, sympathetic, subtle, synthetic, superstitious, submissive, submersible and so-called sugary little girl. Some may not think it requires all those adjectives to describe her, but it does; you just ask her!

NETTIE NICOLETTI ✓

One of Class B's brilliant pianists and carolists and basketballists (that word has just been coined).

"Delightful task to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot."



CLASS B

Reading from left to right

J. Bagley, A. Cooper, E. Anderton, M. Cullum, L. Hill, A. Mills, R. Walcott, E. Angrignon, D. Evans, V. Somers, W. Beale, A. Kennett, D. Howe, O. Taylor, J. Hay, P. Downey, I. Pike, N. Palmer, M. Scott, M. Burt, M. Clark (Class Reporter), A. Reay, I. Hendrickson, R. Hancock, V. Holloway, A. Sandberg, E. Moore, G. MacLuhan, H. Croote, M. Pettman, E. Eccles, D. Stimpson, N. Nicoletti, B. Davies, I. Vye, A. Ferguson, A. MacDonald, B. White.



NELDA PALMER ✓

Alias "Grasshopper," is far better than a circus when she starts performing in the Gym. "Grasshopper" has a somewhat contagious and hearty laugh. As the Scotsman would say:

"Fie! What a spendthrift is she with her tongue!"

MARGARET PETTMAN (Victoria) ✓

A sprightly member of that class,
Who has no boys, but many a lass;
She is a model for her mates,
Oh guard and guide her, kindly fate.

ISABELLE PIKE (Victoria) ✓

A musical genius of Class B who can be heard every morning at 8:55.

"She has the gracious calm and poise
Of life that waits and wills."

ALICE REAY (Nanaimo) ✓

Nanaimo isn't to be sneered at. "Reay" is a result of N. H. S. An "all round" individual who can be described as "peppy." As the heroine in "The Man in the Bowler Hat" she showed us how, but her real line is Athletics. She was our Class Rep. for Athletics in the Autumn term, too. Rumor has it that Alice is the best teacher yet!

ANNIE SANDBERG ✓

One of our star basketball players who often spurs us to victory with her cheerful smile. Annie has a quiet manner, but—

"Silence is more musical than song."

MARGARET SCOTT (Victoria) ✓

Capably fills the duties of one occupying a back seat as well as being Lit. Rep. and a big debater.

"Said little Miss Muffit—I'll sit here and blufit."

VIOLET SOMERS (Alberni) ✓

"Tripped the light fantastic toe" in the sword dance on Athletic Night, and an absolute necessity to the class welfare.

✓ "Imbued with sanctity of reason."

DOROTHY STIMPSON ✓

This is the Dot who saves the Class reputation. How she manages to answer the impossible questions of every teacher makes us gasp.

✓ "Wearing all that weight of learning lightly like a flower."

OLIVE TAYLOR (Victoria) ✓

What would we do without Olive when it comes to making up our registers at the end of the month? As for her smile, it has cheered many a weary soul after a beastly crit or the like.

✓ "I'm never flurried, never hurried,

I never allow myself to be hurried."

IRIS VYE (Victoria) ✓

Iris is a fine athlete and is the Athletic rep. for our class. She is also conscientious and very fond of asking questions in some periods. Iris in the morning: "Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning!" Iris at night: "Blessings on him who invented sleep."

RUTH WALCOT (Duncan)

Ruth was Vice-President for Athletics last term and filled that office very capably. On the green she wields a wicked hockey stick. She is our idea of a walking vitamin.

BETTY WHITE (Nakusp) ✓

One of the claims of the class to immortality in knowledge and an eminent optimist. Betty's motto:

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,
But every grin so merry draws one out."



HESTER CROOT (Cranbrook) ✓

Hester Croot is sure to suit
The teachers in this institute;
Like the way she answers 'em,
Cool, collected—oh, so calm!
In the gym she is a whiz!
We all agree she knows her biz;
She has pep, and wit to boot,
We like her in this institute.

JEAN BAGLEY (Mt. Newton, Saanich) ✓

One who specializes in high marks after exams.

"Yon little girl on every morn
Comes in from far out country way,
On omnibus with blowing horn,
And gets in here to stay
Till even, when under volumes big she seems to sway
And is by that bus homeward borne away."

✓ GWEN McLUHAN (Merritt) ✓

Motto: "Better late than never." Daily dirge, "Oh, you ham!" Teaching looked good to Gwen, so she came to Normal.

"Good heavens! what sorrows gloomed that parting day
That called her from her native walks away."

Class C

✓ YATEVE ARTHURS (Ladysmith) ✓

(Miss Archer)—our quiet but popular young Geog. and Hist. monitor. Just ask Yateve what happened in 1453.

OLGA BELECKY (Fernie)

Olga, who is one of our most studious members, is always getting high marks for her efforts. Favorite expression: "Isn't that funny?"

✓ FRANCES BENNETT (Kamloops) ✓

Fran is the picture of health and happiness and has the qualities of becoming a distinguished teacher, if anything can be judged by the way in which she supervised Class C's play, "Professor Pippin's Singing School." Fran might even start a school of art.

✓ BETH BIRKELAND (Victoria) ✓

Beth is kind and full of fun,
A friend to her classmates, every one;
She can speak convincingly
On environment and heredity.

DORIS BURTCH (Penticton) ✓

Dorie is our star athlete. She shines in basketball, baseball, swimming and running. Burtchie's smile means a lot to us, too.

ALICE DEAN (Revelstoke) ✓

Our jolly basketball queen.

She has made high scores in basketball,
But one we'll never forget
Is the score she made in all our hearts,
Since at P. N. S. we met.

"Hey, kids, wait a minute! I have an announcement to make. Miss Coursier says—"

FLORENCE DENDOFF (Nanaimo) ✓

Florence, alias Billy, alias Melia of the stage. Billy seems to be at home either in the classroom or on the stage. "Where's Bobby?"

"Sparkling eyes and curly hair,
If it weren't for Normal she'd have no care."

✓ BERTHA FAWCETT (Victoria) ✓

Bertha is one of the reasons why Victoria is attractive. Once a pupil of the Model School, she is now well on the way to being a model teacher.



ELLEN GIRLING (Saanich) ✓

We don't know how it is, but Ellen always seems to have her work done the right way at the right time.

HELEN GLEN (Enderby) ✓

When you see a head of auburn hair coming down the hall, prepare to smile, for it is sure to be Helen, full up with her contagious smiles. Her favorite sport is carrying the attendance slip and her locker key.

HELEN HUMPHREYS (Kamloops) ✓

Toots and a sunny smile just naturally go together—no wonder Class C is a happy crowd! Favorite pastime, drawing and painting. Favorite saying, "Ah fah down and go boom!"

FLORENCE IMMEL (Kamloops) ✓

"Ever smiling and ready to lend a helping hand,
Flo came from Kamloops to join our Normal band."

Flo is another of our renowned artists famous for her designs and posters.

SYLVIA JOHNSON (Kaslo) ✓

Sylvia, who is always interested in sports, was our athletic rep. for '28. Her numerous announcements were made very impressive by her pet habit of shaking her forefinger at us. Sylvia is a jolly, healthy girl. Chief ambition, to make delicious date tarts.

GLADYS KIRKHAM (Duncan)

Gladys is one of our favorites. She builds castles in the air, picturing herself the teacher of a primary school. How we wish we were young again!

ELSIE KUOPPALA (White Lake)

Yes, Elsie studies. She found by reading books that heredity is a greater factor in determining man's conduct than environment.

ALICE LANDON (Armstrong) ✓

"Oh, what an awful life!
They know I can't make sharps flats,
It's just one round of strife!"

Never mind, Alice, we all like you and wish we knew as much about Sears as you do.

GRACE LAURISON (Extension) ✓

"Chic" is one of the smallest girls at Normal, but can make us all stand around in drill. It was quite a while before we discovered that wonderful voice, but now we hope to hear it often.

PEGGY LINNELL (Victoria) ✓

Peggy will not only be remembered by us for her capable and industrious nature, but also because she is the founder of Class C's famous custom, "a sandwich between periods."

ISABELLE MARWICK (Nanaimo)

Isabelle is envied by us for her knowledge of history. Whether it's a gift or a result of her hard study, we know not. Chief ambition, to increase the volume of her voice.

ISABEL MONTEITH (Salmon Arm) ✓

As "Julia" she made a great hit, but we like her even more as "Monte." In fact, "Monte" is one of the most popular students at Normal.

"Grace was in her step,
Heaven in her eyes,
In every gesture, dignity and love."



CLASS C

Reading from left to right

- I. Monteith, E. Truscott, A. Dean, D. Burtch, E. Kuoppala, B. Sutton, A. McGee, S. Johnston, B. Birkeland, H. Humphries, F. Bennett, F. Immel, E. Oman, B. Fawcett, M. Moore, M. MacMillan, E. Girling, G. Kirkham, E. Perry, L. Adamson, H. Glen (Class Reporter), O. Belecky, M. Sterling, J. Szlater, F. Welch, Y. Arthurs, E. Swanson, C. Tippett, F. Vandergrift, I. Marwick, G. Laurison, A. Rice, M. Rowan, F. Dendoff, A. Ruuska, P. Linnell, A. Smillie, E. Smith, A. Landon, S. Pahkala.



MARGARET MOORE (Armstrong) ✓

Marg has a native ability for raising intelligent questions for discussion. "But, Mr. Denton, it doesn't say that in this book." Marg shines for her very creditable letter sound book.

AVIS McGEE (Bamfield) ✓

Three cheers for our literary rep. and the live wire of Class C. Avis is an athlete and also is very good at dramatics, aren't you, Professor Pippin? (If I may say so).

MARJORIE McMILLAN (Port Alberni) ✓

Marjorie, as everyone knows,
Brings the sunshine wherever she goes;
And in her schoolroom we will see
Her pupils will love our Marjorie.

"I suppose you are right, Mr. Dunnell, but I don't see how—"

EDYTHE OMAN (Wadena, Sask.) ✓

She came from Saskatchewan. What would Class C do without her for basketball? Edythe is one of the few Normalites who have long hair. She is always jolly and optimistic. Her smile goes a long way.

STELLA PAHKALA (Tantallon, Sask.) ✓

All of us cannot boast of a beautiful poem written of our home district, but Stella can. She comes from Tantallon in the Qu'Appelle Valley. Stella works hard and deserves all success.

ESTHER PERRY (Revelstoke) ✓

“Speech is silver, but silence is golden.”

Esther's gold supply must be large—she is a quiet girl, but always very pleasant and is well liked by Class C.

ANNIE RICE (Vernon) ✓

“Chuckie” is another member of the “Laird Gang.” She has a very peculiar habit. Every day, at exactly 8:45 a.m. and 12:55 p.m., “Chuckie” gets up and closes the door. Perhaps some of us aren't in, but what does it matter, she closes the door anyway.

MAY ROWAN (Nanaimo) ✓

Class C knows all about Nanaimo now. Bobby is one of our lively members and also a great ping-pong enthusiast. On Friday mornings she was usually to be found teaching a nutrition lesson.

AINA RUUSKA (Nanaimo) ✓

“She's little, but she's nice,
She's happy and she's bright.”

ALMA SMILLIE (Nelson) ✓

We believe Alma prefers the gym. to the classroom—perhaps not. She excels in basketball, swimming, folk dancing and singing. “Hey, Smithy!” Alma's voice echoes through the locker room.

EDNA SMITH (Summerland) ✓

And here's Smithy, who hails from the land of Osgoode. You should see her steaming down the swimming tank at the Crystal Garden. What is in that little black suitcase which Smithy carries from room to room?—why, books, of course!

MARY STERLING (Vernon) ✓

“Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
Where is your drawing box?”

Mary shows great artistic ability. Her motto is “Why worry?”—judging from that smile which has won us all to Mary's side.



✓ **BETTY SUTTON** (Esquimalt) ✓

"Came two weeks late, but never again,
Always smiling, whether sunshine or rain (except in grammar period).
At teaching, at play, a credit to the class,
This healthy, thoughtful, energetic lass."

Betty was late, so for punishment she had to go teaching with a boy—or was it punishment? Betty is one of our star basketball players.

ESTHER SWANSON (Elko)

Esther is one of our prominent Class C. blondes and a model student. She sits at the back of the room and often saves the situation by answering questions which the rest of us cannot.

JENNIE SZLATER (Nanaimo)

Jennie is one of the quiet members of Class C. She was our door keeper, and well the laggard knew that Jennie was faithful on her post.

✓ **CLARA TIPPET** (Courtenay) ✓

Clara is an industrious student. In our programmes too, she dons a mannish garb and goes on the stage with her pick and shovel—perhaps she took part in the Klondike gold rush.

✓ **ELSIE TRUSCOTT** (Nelson) ✓

Elsie's chief occupations are: singing, making domestic science caps, and talking. Her chief ambition is to become a prima donna. We really don't see how she can do otherwise, for "heredity" gave Pat a voice, and "environment" sees that she uses it.

✓ **FLORENCE VANDERGRIFT** (New Denver) ✓

No. 10 has no attractions for Florence. She usually walks to school and seems none the worse for it.

✓ **FLORENCE WELCH** (Nanaimo) ✓

A very quiet young lady of Class C. When there is work to be done, Florence does it. We can easily imagine her, the teacher of a nice little school.

✓ **LAURA ADAMSON** (Victoria)

Laura taught in Saskatchewan, but she thought she'd come out to see how we do it in B. C. If she likes B. C. as much as we like her, she won't be going back to Saskatchewan.

Class D

WALTER ABROSSIMOFF (Thrum, B.C.)

Walter is our Slavic representative. There is nothing slow about him. Who started the mumps fad? Having a ready facility for alleviating class tedium by his ready wit, "Abbie" is one of our year's most popular students.

JOHN T. BOWBRICK (Nanaimo)

John is at once a dramatist of high calibre—the President of the Lit.—a matchless student and—oh, yes—lots of things. He also, while usually docile, plays basketball when aroused. Watch his progress.

JAMES CAMPBELL (Rutland, B.C.)

While James is a minister's son, few would believe it with his smiling face and jolly ways. Jimmy should have been a girl, judging by the way his hair likes to curl in front of his face.



HARRY CAMPBELL (Kelowna, B.C.)

Harry's accidents of 1927-28 do not seem to have affected his prowess in sports. Imagine a bundle of springs controlled by an active brain, and you have a true picture of "Pie" playing basketball. A "good Sport." Could one say more?

BENJAMIN CRAWFORD (Creston, B.C.)

Bennie is a great man at Basketball and all other sports, such as escorting the fair sex home. We wonder how many long walks he has had after the last car. Bennie was one of the many affected by the "Great Revival of Learning" after Christmas.

GEOFFREY D'ARCY (Victoria, B.C.)

Geoff. is a real he-man. His experiences among the herring and pilchards up the island have proved useful in our Life-saving attempts at Crystal Gardens. Chief occupation—making announcements in the Auditorium.

GEORGE FERGUSON (Ladysmith, B.C.)

The Business Manager of our Annual. He takes this position very seriously in the same way he takes school work. Yes, you've guessed it. He's a canny Scotch lad.

GIBSON FRASER (Enderby, B.C.)

Tall and quiet. However, "Still waters run deep," and we think Gib. has a past. Anyone who can play Ping-Pong like he does must have a tricky past.

BEVERLEY G. FYFE (Victoria, B.C.)

Our one-man orchestra. He was president of the Dramatic Society and also took part in two plays. Mr. Jackson in "The Flower Shop" and Bill in "Grandma Pulls the Strings" was his crowning success.

BERT HUDDLESTON (Saanich, B.C.)

"Bert," "Bob," or "Hudd." He's the man with the car. Say, he sure likes to drive his "Chrissy." Ever see that boy play Ping-Pong. In both tournaments he was one of the winners in men's doubles and runner-up in the singles in the Fall.

ALGOMA C. IRONSIDES (Nanaimo, B.C.)

Common name, "Tinny." Claims Nanaimo as his home town. Nanaimo should be proud of this product. A good student, a fine teacher and the best of Sports.

CLIFFORD JEWKES

Not a representative of the famous Jewkes family. Enrolled after Christmas. He has had real teaching experience on the prairies. Athletics seem to be his strong point. Also quite interested in the Lit. meetings in which he has taken part.

DONALD KERR (Penticton, B.C.)

Kerr is the smallest in "D" class but this does not mean smallest intellectually. If his size was in proportion to his Ping-Pong ability he would be as big as any of them.

EDWARD JOHNSON (Greenwood, B.C.)

Johnny comes from the interior and believe us be can certainly play the old "Hoop" game. Also a sprinter of no mean calibre. He says there is some real good natural scenery to be seen on Douglas St.

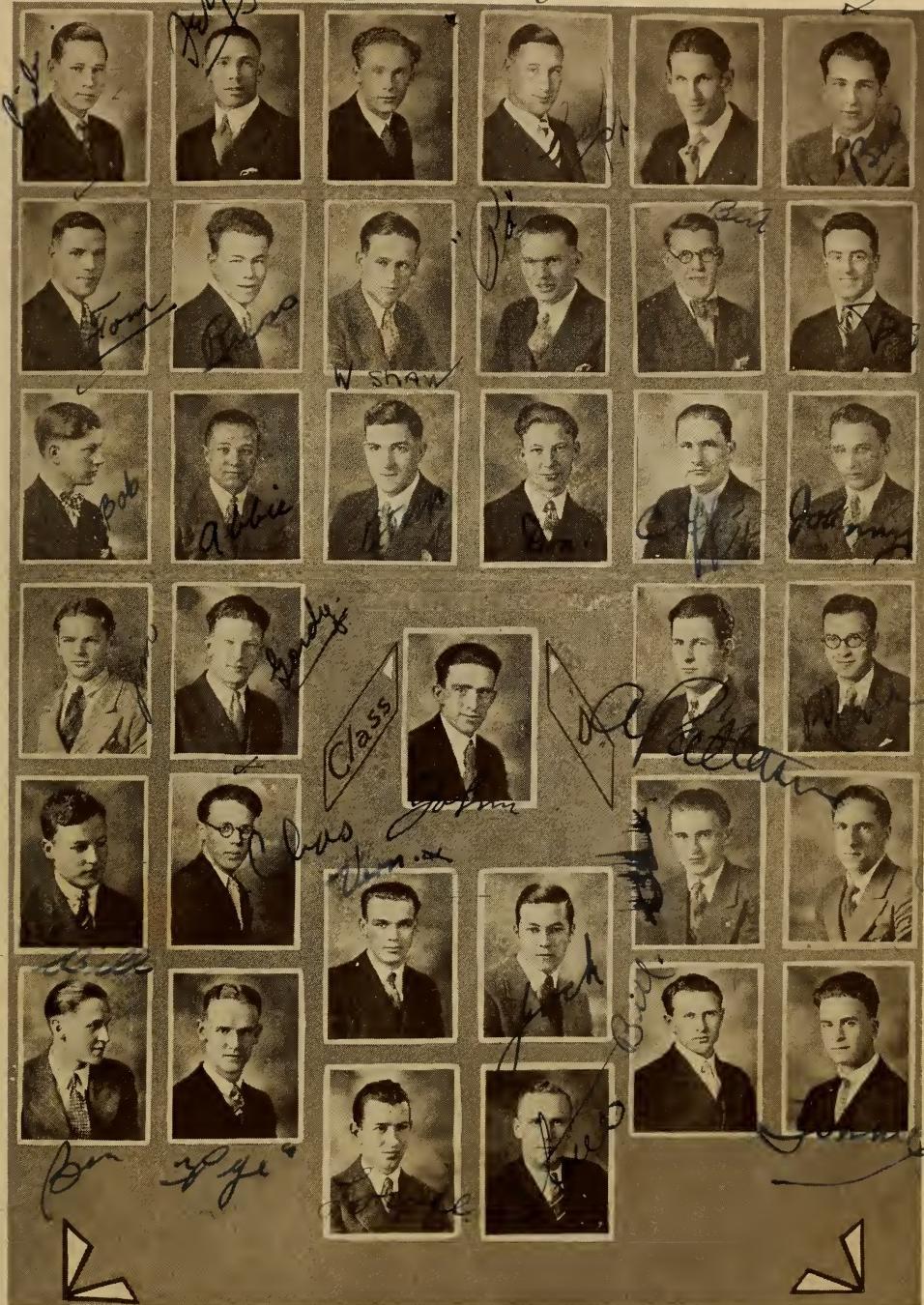
VERNOR L. JONES (Victoria, B.C.)

Belongs to Victoria. Gained fame as a member of the Crescent basketball team. A good student and we feel sure he will be a credit to the profession of Teaching.

THOMAS LITTLE (Victoria, B.C.)

Better known as Tommy is one of our most popular students. He was Captain of our Senior B Basketball team, and president of the Athletic executive in 1928. As Zeb. in the "Last Cache" Tommy sure knew his stuff.

Leonard Nicholls



CLASS D

Reading from left to right

G. Fraser, G. Ferguson, L. Nicholls, G. D'Arcy, W. Orchard, B. Fyfe, T. Little, R. Martin, W. Shaw, J. Bowbrick, B. O'Neill, C. Storch, B. Huddleston, W. Abrossimoff, N. West, D. Kerr, C. Jewkes, E. Johnson, J. Campbell, G. MacPhail, J. Rukin (Class Reporter), A. Patterson, D. Thomson, W. Saunders, C. Trotter, R. Sommers, F. Snowsell, V. Jones, J. Richardson, B. Crawford, H. Campbell, W. Mouat, A. Ironside, W. Love, A. J. Stevenson.



WALLACE D. LOVE (Nelson, B.C.)

"Scotty" was born in Scotland and raised on heather and porridge. He is internationally known for his laugh and recently acquired a Ford which will shorten his wallet, if not his life. Weakness, Plus-Fours.

RUSSEL L. MARTIN (Salmon Arm, B.C.)

"Russ" is a big needle and thread man from so so, but originally a citizen of Salmon Arm. Played basketball for C team and was captain of that crew. The big splash at the swimming gala. Weakness, Fancy Sweaters.

WILLIAM J. MOUAT (Ganges, B.C.)

"Bill" is an energetic debater and when it comes to class discussions he is a fund of knowledge. Bill's only weakness is for the lady students.

A. GORDON MACPHAIL (Salmon Arm, B.C.)

Otherwise known as Red, Mac, or Gord. Basso Profundo par excellence, thus he was a member of the chorus on the night of the plays. Budding banjoist, member of C team, and wields a wicked ping-pong bat.

LEONARD J. NICHOLLS (Victoria, B.C.)

Who doesn't know Len. The big noise on the Annual, namely our Editor. As Ben in "The Last Cache" he contributed much to its success. Made a very able President of the Debating Society, taking part with much energy in the first debate.

BERTRAND O'NEAIL (Slocan City, B.C.)

Bert is the heaviest member of our class. Showed ability in various ways. First as a basketballer on C team, then as Big Jake in the play. Besides these he is an expert at ping-pong and baseball and—hush—we hear he can sing. "Nuff said."

WILFRID ORCHARD (Victoria, B.C.)

Wilf. was not very prominent in any of our activities during the first term, except starring on our C team. Since Christmas, however, he has been making a much better showing as D class athletic rep., as a singer, a ping-pong expert and he made a good showing at the Normal Gala at the Crystal Garden Swimming Tank.

ARTHUR M. PATTERSON (Victoria, B.C.)

"Pat" is a living example of "an old head on young shoulders." Good executive, great debater, merry entertainer, a jolly fine fellow, could anyone say more.

JOHN H. RICHARDSON (Nanaimo, B.C.)

If you can imagine a whirlwind at ping-pong and a fellow who is ever ready to smile and jest—you have a good idea what this boy is like—keep it up Jack.

JOHN RUKIN (Cassidy, B.C.)

From a tiny coal mining town a young man came to seek his fortune. "Rukie" is the man. He is very much interested in undermining educational theories, but apart from that he is most noted for his versatility in song and verse. A most excellent teacher and a credit to Victoria Normal is an enviable achievement.

WILLIAM SAUNDERS (Victoria, B.C.)

The fair-haired boy of Class D. Bill is very quiet and reserved, but he certainly surprised some people at the exams. He is also an enthusiast in baseball.

FRANK SNOWSELL (Kelowna, B.C.)

Silver Tenor of Class D. Member of B team and a real good mixer. To see "Snowie" in action at the Crystal Gardens is to have a first-hand view of "Grace" personified. He also has the makings of a really good teacher and we wish him every success.



CHARLES STORCH (Victoria, B.C.)

Charlie is one of those people who believe in having a sound body to make a sound mind. As an athlete he shines in the manly art and has made a real good job of coaching others of his class. We feel sure he will make his mark both as a teacher and a boxer.

ROBERT SOMMERS (Nelson, B.C.)

Bob is one of our musicians who can play the cornet or violin. He also sings like a lark and to hear his clear notes when teaching children to sing would be one of the things we should all like to do. Bob cultivated his voice in the stoke-hold of a Kootenay Lake steamer.

A. J. STEVENSON (Toronto, Ont.)

Mr. Stevenson just arrived from Ontario in time to get in this annual. We are all pleased to welcome him to Victoria and hope to become better acquainted before the term is over.

DAVID THOMSON (Victoria, B.C.)

Habitat Victoria—alias Dave or Ling. Dave is one of the popular boys of Class D. He made a big hit as "Ling" in "The Last Cache." He has also proved successful in the teaching profession. Can we ever forget.

"Ling coffee, P. D. Q.
Very much hot, burn 'em inside."

CHARLES TROTTER (Victoria, B.C.)

Better known as "Chass" or "The king of ping-pong." The faculty had never tasted defeat until the arrival of "Chass" at Normal. His pet theory is that all learning is memorization in order to pass exams. However, we feel certain that he will make a name for himself when he gets his own school.

WALTER SHAW

Shaw is one of those fellows that you can always depend upon to help things along, be it a party or a class discussion. He first showed his talent as a debater in the "Mussolini" debate, doing his share to bring the laurels to Class D. Keep it up Walter.

NORMAN WEST

The part of "Ned" in the "Last Cache" was a very appropriate one for "Norm," for who else in Class D was good-looking enough to take that part. One of the treats in a P. T. lesson was to see this boy in action. A real good fellow and a good sport, which is the best character we could give anyone.

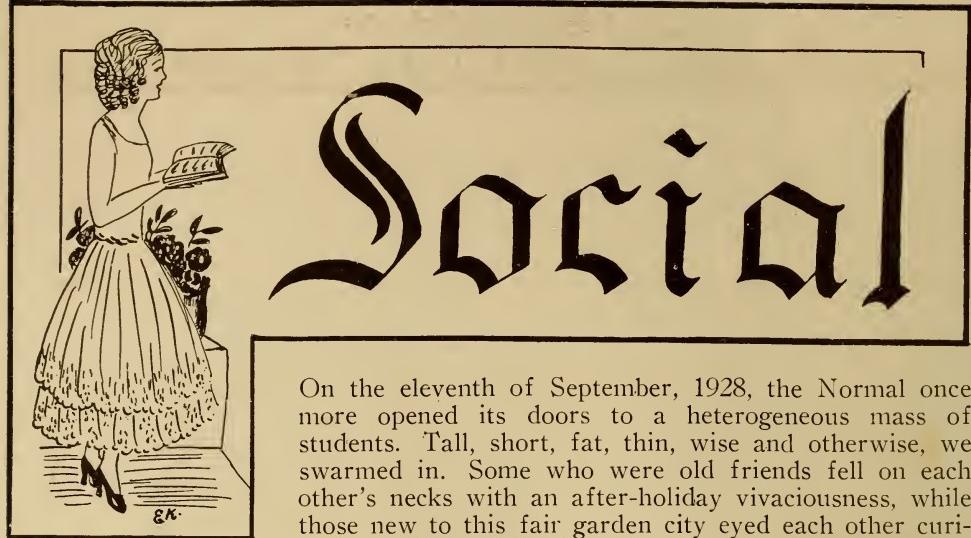
Otherwise

There must be magic,
Otherwise,
How could day turn into night?
* * *

And how could sailboats,
Otherwise,
Go sailing out of sight?
* * *

And how could peanuts,
Otherwise,
Be covered up so tight?

B. DAVIES.



On the eleventh of September, 1928, the Normal once more opened its doors to a heterogeneous mass of students. Tall, short, fat, thin, wise and otherwise, we swarmed in. Some who were old friends fell on each other's necks with an after-holiday vivaciousness, while those new to this fair garden city eyed each other curiously, seeking a friendly smile. The faculty, that benign band of awe-inspiring professors, surveyed us all critically, seeking a remarkable I. Q.

In a short time we settled down, as have many long-suffering students before us, strangers no longer, but a gay, gleeful crowd of grown-up children eager for merrymaking and revels of every sort. Those talented souls who have a genius for arranging frolics soon made their abilities known, and we embarked upon a series of social festivities that have made this year at Normal one of good times, resulting in lasting friendships.

On September 21, we followed an old Normal tradition by trooping "en masse" to Spoon Bay. Here we indulged in activities which were an outlet for our high spirits until called to a feast fit for a king—hot dogs, doughnuts and coffee, seasoned with a sprinkling of sand and ants. Having eaten sufficient to give all of us serious indigestion—had we not the digestion of young ostriches—we proceeded to raise our voices in a rousing chorus around the campfire. This being our first opportunity to discover what sweet warbling notes the throats of a hundred and fifty Normal students could produce, we made the most of it.

Early in June, we hope to hold another picnic. Judging from the noise and merriment we made when we were virtually strangers, it seems wiser not to predict what will happen on our next excursion.

The most popular festivities of the year have been the dances. The gymnasium no doubt has echoed with the gaiety of many a merrymaking, but none to excel our first dance. It was held on the night when ghosts and witches abound, that is, it was a Hallowe'en frolic, despite the fact that it took place on November 2. Weird and pretty costumes were on view, ranging from dainty pierrettes to wild and wicked pirates. A splendid entertainment was first presented in the auditorium and then everyone descended to the witches' cavern, commonly known as the hall of physical training. The witches' corps of decorators had been at work and had transformed the bare walls to a veritable mass of pumpkins and black cats. Here we tripped the light fantastic until, like Cinderella, we were warned that another dance would be our undoing. The B. C. Electric waits for no man!

On December 20, we held our Christmas dance. We were all in gala mood, as the Christmas holidays began the next day, and after a very entertaining programme in the auditorium, we adjourned to the ping-pong room. Here Santa



Claus, with his characteristic benevolence, presented each student and guest with a gift from the Christmas tree, after which we danced in the gym. The nimble fingers of the decorators had once more been busy, and the room had an extremely festive appearance.

On December 14 the athletic executive held a very enjoyable sports evening and dance in the gym. As in the case of the other dances, the delicious refreshments, provided by Miss Isbister and the committee, were much appreciated.

The Valentine dance of February 15 was an even greater triumph than the previous two. A novel form of exchanging partners was introduced, which was an outstanding success. Each girl brought a partner and filled out a programme for herself and her partner by exchanging dances with other girls. It gave the dancers a wonderful sense of enjoyment to see no one standing along the walls. Mr. and Mrs. MacLaurin, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, and Mr. and Mrs. Denton were patrons. Unfortunately Mr. and Mrs. MacLaurin were unable to attend, owing to the illness of the former.

The grand climax of the year's festivities will be the banquet and dance to be held on June 13. At the banquet, representatives from the Department of Education and the teaching staff of Victoria schools are invited, as well as the faculty and their wives. The programme will consist of toasts, speeches and music, with a short dance afterwards.

Early in the Autumn a large number of Normal girls assisted the I. O. D. E. in their annual tag day to buy milk for under-nourished children. In appreciation of this the I. O. D. E. gave a very delightful tea on February 9, in the Blue Room of the Jubilee Hospital. The table was very prettily decorated with daffodils and candles. A splendid musical programme had been arranged, after which Ursula Thom thanked the ladies for the pleasant afternoon.

Towards the end of the term a tea will be held at Normal to entertain all the teachers in the Victoria schools, who have so patiently and willingly put up with our teaching and have given us such helpful advice.

The Normal has not been honored by many visitors this year. Captain St. Clair delivered two very inspiring speeches to the student body, one before Christmas and one after. Early in the year, Miss Giles, of the W. C. T. U., and Mrs. Spoffard, a well-known figure in educational circles in Victoria, paid us a visit. Miss Giles addressed the students on habits of temperance.

Much of the success of the year's social activities is due to the hard work of the three executives, and of other students who volunteered to help.

In looking back on our Normal careers, these gay revels will stand out as greater events than our A's or E's, as the case may be, in Grammar. Even more will the staunch friends we have made, remind us that 1928-29 was an eventful year of our lives. Our merry hearts have jogged us over many difficulties. May they surmount many more.

Duty is the demand of the hour—Goethe.

* * *

You will always find those who think they know your duty better than you know it.—Emerson.

* * *

Duty only frowns when you flee from it; follow it, and it smiles upon you.—Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.



Coffee For Three

(A one-act play by Elizabeth Jones and Dorothy Margison)

Characters: Jim Hayward, Louise Hayward, his wife; Billy Bones, a policeman.

Scene: The Dining-room of the Hayward Home. Mrs. Hayward is putting the final touches to the supper table. Mr. Hayward enters from work.

Jim—Hello, Louise! (*kisses her*). Supper nearly ready?

Louise—Almost. Sit down while I get the plates.

(*Louise goes into the kitchen. Jim sits down at the table and picks up the evening paper as she re-enters.*)

Louise—Had a hard day, dear?

(*Jim puts down the paper.*)

Jim—Pretty strenuous. We lost that big contract we were working on last week. It was let to that new firm. I don't understand it. That's the second time this month.

Louise—Never mind, dear. A good supper will cheer you up.

(*They eat awhile in silence.*)

Jim—Was there anything for me in the mail to-day?

Louise—Just one letter. I've been wondering all day whom it's from. It looks like a child's writing.

(*Louise takes it from the mantel-piece and hands it to Jim, who opens it.*)

Jim—We'll soon satisfy your curiosity. Hello, two tickets for the Royal to-night. Dress circle at that!

(*He pulls a letter out of the envelope and glances hastily through it.*)

Jim—It's signed "Jack," but it certainly isn't his writing.

Louise—It must be. My, but I'm glad I have that new chiffon to wear And it's lucky you still have Sam's tux.

Jim—This writing worries me. I didn't go all through school with Jack without learning to know his writing.

Louise—What does the writing matter? We've got the tickets, so let's use them.

Jim—I'm sure this isn't Jack's writing. I wonder if he really did mail them?

Louise—Of course he did! And such good seats! It's a long time since we've had a chance like this. Besides, we can use the tickets even if Jack didn't send them.

Jim—Just a minute now, Louise. Of course, I wouldn't expect a woman to notice anything wrong; but don't you see this is a perfectly planned plot to get us out of the house to-night?

Louise—I don't see it. What a silly idea! If we leave the dishes we can just get there in time.

Jim—I wouldn't be such a fool as to leave this house to-night. I see myself being deceived by a forged letter.

Louise—How you jump to conclusions! If you think there's something wrong, phone Jack and find out. I really believe that all you want is an excuse to stay home.

Jim—Don't be like that, Lou! Just to prove it, I will phone him.



(Jim goes into the hall to phone. Louise starts to pile the dishes, making a great deal of unnecessary noise. Jim re-enters the dining-room.)

Louise—Well, who is right? Did he send the tickets?

Jim—It's just as I thought. Jack is out of town. It's a plot alright!

Louise—You're so suspicious!

Jim—And you're so careless. You'd be an easy prey for sharps. We're not leaving the house to-night. I'm going to phone the police at once. They will tell us what to do.

(Jim goes into the hall. As he gives the number, Louise calls out.)

Louise—Tell them to bring the whole police force to watch for an imaginary burglar.

(She slams the door. In a few moments Jim re-enters the dining-room.)

Louise—I suppose you asked the chief himself to come and guard our bedroom door!

(Louise clears the table, taking the things from the dining-room to the kitchen. Jim brings a box from the basement and starts putting the silver from the sideboard into it. In a few moments the front door-bell rings. Jim goes to the door and returns with Billy Bones.)

Billy Bones—'Ere oi be wid foive good 'ands to 'elp me!

Louise (sarcastically)—Only five?

Billy Bones—It will take a pretty slick crook to slip through our 'ands to-night. Oi've stytioned 'em round the 'owse, at the doors and windows.

Jim—What do you want me to do?

B. B.—It's your dooty to keep the 'owse dark and the lydy quiet.

Louise—Oh, don't worry about me. I wouldn't spoil your little game for anything!

B. B.—You can rest easy now. Oi'll tyke the front door mesel'.

(Exit Billy Bones.)

Louise—What a lot of fuss about nothing! It'll surprise me if we don't hear him snoring on the doorstep in half an hour.

Jim—I didn't think you'd act like this, Louise. But it's just like a woman. Stubborn at the wrong time.

Louise—Oh, Jim, I'm so sorry. Let's turn the lights out right away, so he'll come soon. I'm dying to see a real burglar.

Jim—That sarcasm sounds good now, but in the morning when you realize all our valuables might have been stolen it'll be a different story.

(Jim turns the lights out.)

Louise—Had we better put the fire out, too?

Jim—That's the first helpful suggestion you've made this evening. I'll do it at once.

Louise (hastily)—You wouldn't be so brutal. We don't need to freeze, too.

(Jim stretches out on the sofa. Louise seats herself on a cushion in front of the fire. They are silent for a while.)

Louise (sweetly)—Don't go to sleep, Jim. You must be awake to receive the burglar, after all your preparations.

Jim—You're a selfish thing, Louise. I wish you'd realize we've gone to all this trouble to protect you, Louise, and the valuables.



(Louise pulls up an easy-chair and sits down in it. They are silent for a minute. When Louise looks at Jim again she finds that he has fallen asleep. A slight noise startles her. She moves from the fire-light into the shadow. A window in the next room is being raised. She runs to Jim, shakes him and screams.)

Louise—Jim, Jim! It's the burglar!

(Almost immediately Billy Bones enters from the other room. Louise, recognizing him, immediately controls herself and says to Jim, who is now wide awake):

Louise—Here's Mr. Bones to see us.

B. B.—Oi let mesel' in through the kitchen window, being as the doors was both locked.

Jim—How many of them are there? Did you catch them all? Did you have a hard time with them?

B. B.—'Ould on. Not so fast, young man. Oi can tell me own story without prompting. Oi cyme to tell you that there's nothin' brewin' so far.

Jim—I hired you to catch the burglar, not to tell me he hasn't come. Don't walk into the house in the middle of the night again unless you have something worth saying.

(Exit Billy Bones, muttering to himself.)

Louise—is he feeling cross, then? Baby better go bye-bye again for a longer nap.

Jim—Do be sensible for a change, Louise!

(Jim lies down again on the couch, with his face to the wall. Louise pokes the fire and sits down in an easy-chair. After a little while they both fall asleep. Curtain falls and rises to show that seven hours elapse. Daylight is entering the room. Suddenly the telephone bell rings. Jim and Louise awaken. The former looks at the clock on the mantel.)

Jim—Seven-thirty. Who can be phoning at this hour? I'll answer, Louise. You put the coffee-pot on.

(Jim goes to the phone. The door is open and Louise hears the following conversation):

Jim—Hello? Yes, who? I thought you were out of town. Yes, thanks for the tickets, old chap. No, we couldn't. Louise was too tired to go out last night. Are you taking a course in penmanship? It didn't look like your writing. What-at? So that was it? Too bad. Thanks a lot for the tickets all the same. See you later. So long!

(Jim returns to the dining-room and he sits down with a thud on the chair.)

Jim—Well, you win, Louise. Jack did send the tickets. His writing was wiggly because he had cut his finger and he was only out of town for the day.

Louise—I told you so. I knew it all the time.

Jim—But you know, Louise, I was only thinking of your safety.

Louise—I know you were, and you're a dear!

(She kisses him.)

Louise—Now run out and get the paper while I put the breakfast on.

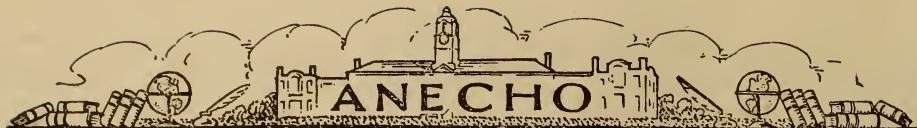
(Jim goes out the front door. Louise takes the coffee pot out of the box. Jim calls):

Jim—Louise, make an extra cup of coffee for Mr. Bones. The phone woke him up, too.

(Curtain.)

ON THE CAMPUS





Musical Appreciation

EACH epoch of the world's history bequeathed to its successors, together with its more material possessions, an image of its undying soul. This inheritance is art, which portrays so truly the higher aesthetic life in which is to be found the real soul character of a people.

Among the fine arts, poetry, architecture, sculpture and painting, music, the major art, meets the widest appreciation among the people. It is the abstract element in music which is so attractive. An artist in painting a picture has a definite object or idea, but music does not deal with definite ideas. A musical sentence may mean anything imaginable. It may suggest joy, madness, drowsiness, sorrow. This depends upon the interpretation of the listener.

It is interesting to note that music is only five centuries old, that is, from the time we adopted the modern diatonic scales (Major, Minor). We have vast possibilities of beauty to be obtained from these modes, even if the new school (Stravinsky, Ravel, Schoenberg, etc.) are in favor of atonality (no definite key) and chords built upon fourths.

Music is of a dual nature: it is material as well as spiritual. We apprehend the material side through our sense of hearing and comprehend through the intellect; its spiritual side reaches us through the imaginative and emotional part of us. A real appreciation of music is conditional upon intelligent hearing, which must be directed to the spiritual and also the material side.

To the person who is endowed with the ability to feel, yet has no instruction, musical impressions are generally vague and incomprehensible, impressions which fail permanently to enrich our experience. One often hears the expression, "That gave me a thrill of pleasure," when discussing some musical work. Such an experience is delightful at the moment, but its true value is when it does not find an end in itself. Is life permanently, not temporarily, beautiful and enriched?

Music is a great unifying power. Every human need, whether individual or otherwise, may be expressed in some beautiful form. Men read each other's hearts and feel one common urge drawing them on to a nobler, transformed existence. It is this appeal of one heart to another heart that unites us in spiritual fellowship.

Just what does music present which makes it a common human need?

It is presented to us through auditory images. Its function is to stir the soul. Life seems to receive a marvelous reinforcement under the wonders of music. A new world is revealed to us, but nevertheless it is a real world. In this world we find the keenest expression of the joy of life and, in a no less degree, the pathos. It reaches down and draws out our deepest mysteries and yet it always leaves us unsatisfied, for we cannot account for its peculiar power.

There is a decided change in attitude regarding music from that which prevailed a very few years ago, when music was considered merely a pleasing accomplishment. As never before, its educational and cultural value in training the mind and developing the artistic sense is becoming universally recognized. Music is being accepted in an increasing number of high schools and universities as a credit or optional subject in courses.

With such a training ahead for our young people we may rest assured that music will be recognized as a fine art and no longer a flow of unrelated sounds. With this training, experience and knowledge, music becomes a lasting joy, for the listener learns then to hear in relations, just as the composer thinks in relations.



Emotions do not pass us as two ships on a sea; they do not leave us as we were before. Every impression of music makes its imprint upon our personality. With the growth of the love of the beautiful grows the love of music, every emotion helping to soften the heart and quicken the consciousness to the spirit of beauty.

RUTH A. HANCOCK, Class B.





Athletic Society

"GAMES for all, and games for the fun of playing them," was the motto of the Athletic Committee, whose tireless efforts and long noon meetings guided the 1928-29 student body through a year of very successful sports.

A diverse number of athletic activities were arranged for, and run off, in a systematic manner. Every student had a chance to play something, and there were few that did not avail themselves of that opportunity. As a result we have become better acquainted with each other, as well as receiving those benefits which are to be derived solely from play.

Although not rising to the heights of other years, the teams which upheld the name of the school in outside competition, performed manfully and with a will. To them is due much credit, because they put forth a special effort and did it well.

A word of thanks is due Miss Coursier for her part in organizing the women's athletics, and another to Mr. Denton for his unfailing interest in the school teams, and his steady influence and experience on the Athletic Committee.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Every girl played basketball. Each of the three classes mustered six teams, and each team provided itself with a very distinctive and high sounding name. The Knockouts, the Gollywogs, and the Rinkeydinks vied with others of a like nomenclature, and great were the battles.

The games were played under girls' rules, and were first between the class teams and then between classes. Besides, each class had a representative team to uphold its honor on the maple court.

Those making the Class A team were: Nora Williams, Betty Jones, Martha Pardy, Barbara Webster, Helen Moore, Agnes Lang, Olive Dykes, May Tully and Olive Brown.

Class B chose the following: Lucy Hill, Iris Vye, E. Anderson, Netty Nicollietti, Alice Reay, Annie Sandberg and Olive Taylor.

For Class C the team was: Alma Smillie, Edna Smith, Alice Dean, Florence Dendoff, Laura Adamson, Edith Oman, Doris Burtch, Avis McGee and Stella Pahkala.

Games with outside teams were few. The Strathcona Girls' Private School of Shawnigan was defeated only after a nip and tuck struggle. In three games with girls' teams from the Victoria High School, the Normal girls were twice victorious and deservedly so.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

A stiff schedule faced this year's aspirants at the start. Two teams were entered in the Victoria and District Basketball League, one team in the Senior B Class, and one in the Senior C Class. Besides this, games with other institutions were arranged, so that the Normal basket tossers spent a busy season.

The games were not overly well attended by the student body, considering the enrollment, but those loyal rooters who did accompany the teams deserve great credit for the whole-hearted way in which they cheered.

Every game was a genuine struggle, usually against big odds. Several battles slipped away by the odd point or so, after bull-dog determination and sheer grit had kept Normal in the running. Not that the Normal lost every time. As the season went on and experience was gained, both teams began to register



CLASS "A" BASKETBALL

M. Pardey O. Dykes A. Lang E. Jones M. Tully
O. Brown B. Webster (Captain) H. Moore N. Williams



CLASS "B" BASKETBALL

O. Taylor I. Pike Miss I. Coursier I. Vye
N. Nicoletti A. Reay L. Hill E. Anderton A. Sandberg



in the winning column with regularity, and the season ended with probably as many victories as defeats. In both classes of the Victoria and District League the Normal boys gave a good account of themselves.

As well as the regular League games, the Senior B team played three friendly games with the Victoria High School and journeyed to James Island, West Road, and Sooke for exhibition games.

The personnel of the Senior B team was: Jeff D'Arcy, Frank Snowsell, Ben Crawford, Dave Thomson, Bev Fyfe, and Tom Little, captain.

The Senior C team completed its league games and in addition made trips to Sooke and James Island. They also played friendly games with Victoria High School teams.

The Senior C players were: Art Patterson, Algoma Ironsides, Wilf Orchard, Charlie Trotter, Gordon McPhail, John Bowbrick, Norman West, Bert O'Neil and Russ Martin, captain.

TENNIS

The weather frowned on all tennis activities in the Fall. Then a prolonged and disagreeable Winter left only five tennis weeks available in the Spring. But they were used to good advantage, all racquet wielders making up for lost time.

SWIMMING

Friday night was the big night all year at Crystal Gardens for the swimmers. There were the life-saving classes, with land drill first and the heroic attempts in the water after. There was always someone who wanted the gang to play "sausage," or to "make waves," or to play "follow the leader." Then there was the water polo ball and "keep away." You had to watch your step, or a gentle (?) push would hoist you into the depths. Most of the diving was very flat. Almost everybody stayed in too long, according to the rule book, but usually managed to warm up under the showers afterwards. It was pleasant to sit on the promenade, all together, when everybody was out of the water, listening to the music and becoming acclimatized. Such was Crystal.

The evening of March 25 was Normal Night, and the Athletic Committee put over a splendid Water Gala. Crawl races, 25 yards for the women, and 40 for the men; free style, the same distances; plain diving and plate diving; medley races; relays and mixed relays; plunge for distance; back stroke races; egg and spoon races; lighted candle races, and balloon blowing races; all were part of the program, which was enjoyed by the contestants and spectators alike.

TRACK

The track meet, called for May 31st at the Royal Athletic Park, is in the future at this writing. Miss Coursier has been conducting classes in track and field events, and many are turning out for practise after school, brushing up on their specialties. From all available reports the meet should be a decided success.

FIELD HOCKEY

Field Hockey got away to a flying start with many interested. Three friendly games were played, two with Oak Bay School, and one with the Victoria High School. Fourteen girls, under captain Vera Beechy, comprised the team.

BASEBALL

Baseball was confined to the soft ball variety, teams from all the classes having their turn at bats. With the assurance of fine weather, the lower flats resounded with the whack of the bat on the ball, as some poor pitcher's offerings



CLASS "C" BASKETBALL

E. Smith S. Pahkala Miss I. Coursier A. McGee A. Smillie
F. Dendoff D. Burtsch A. Dean (Captain) L. Adamson E. Oman



GRASS HOCKEY

F. Immel M. McMillan A. McGee Miss I. Coursier I. Vye S. Johnson B. Davies
B. Chapman G. McLuhan R. Walcot V. Beechey E. Oman H. Copeland
H. Moore E. Anderton



were slaughtered. The boys split into two camps, the Islanders against the Mainlanders, and it hasn't been argued out yet who is superior.

A girls' team from the Victoria High School took the measure of Class C in a friendly game on May 7, but we hear that they found their revenge at a later date.

BOXING

The manly art of fisticuffs was one of the optional courses well attended by the boys. Charlie Storch, well known boxer and student, conducted classes twice a week. On Normal Sports Night there were two exhibition bouts against Victoria College: Frank Hall vs. Charlie Storch, and Bruce Lowe vs. Leonard Nicholls.

PING PONG

This ancient, yet honorable, game thrived more than ever this year, probably due to the poor weather out-of-doors. Three tables were not nearly enough for all who would have played. The variety and shape of racquets used almost equalled the number of different strokes attempted to get the desired spin on the ball. One learns the game quickly, but becomes proficient slowly. Ask the faculty. Even at that, there were a few times when youth beat experience.

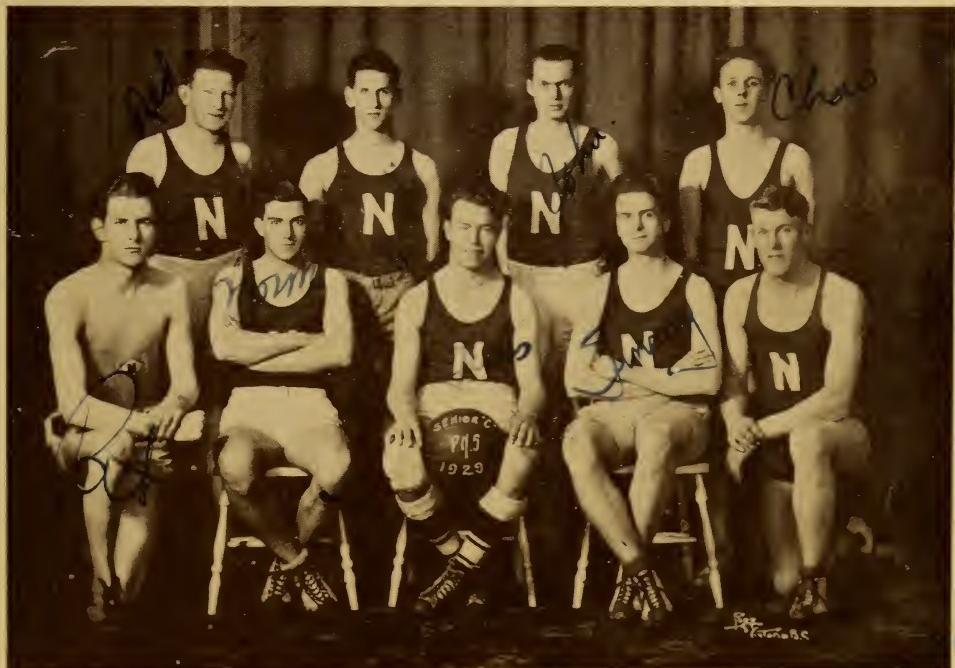
The champions, crowned after a long array of hard battles, are pictured in action herewith. In a tournament with the Victoria College, Normal lost only one match out of twelve. April 15 was Ping Pong night, games being played on the plan of progressive bridge. A hilarious burlesque basketball game preceded the matches.





SENIOR "B" BASKETBALL

E. Johnson G. D'Arcy D. Thomson B. Fyfe
B. Crawford T. Little (Captain) F. Snowsell



SENIOR "C" BASKETBALL

G. McPhail W. Orchard J. Bowbrick C. Trotter
A. Patterson N. West R. Martin (Captain) A. Ironside B. O'Neal



An Ode to No. 10

Oh No. 10, I wonder when
You'll get the credit due you;
You do your best, and even then
The students try to Jew you.

You travel straight down Douglas Street,
And hardly ever stop;
Except at every corner,
Or when you see a cop.

Each time you shudder to a stop,
At Yates or Douglas station,
A thousand students climb aboard,
And crowd like all creation.

Then you turn up old Fort Street,
As crooked as a trail,
The way you start to pick up speed,
You'd almost beat a snail.

As you speed along that wondrous track,
You shake just like a Quaker;
Then when you start to climb the grade,
You blow the circuit-breaker.

After grinding and jerking along
It seems like many a mile;
At last you turn on Richmond:
We all commence to smile.

Ah, smile of short duration,
You know not what's in store;
Add to the jolts you've this far
About a thousand more.

At last you quiver and then you stop,
The doors are opened wide;
Each student sighs in great relief,
As we stumble and stagger outside.

Old car, we hate to see you go
Back down the track alone;
But when the Normal year is o'er,
The B. C. E. can keep their own.

JOHN RUKIN, Class D.

Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not seriously; and some few are to be read wholly and with diligence and attention.—Bacon.



A Challenge

O youth, what dreams of swift ascent
Unto the stars above;
What hopes there are, what vows to make,
What happiness and love.

But stay, our lives are like a ship
Storm-tossed upon the sea;
We rock and plunge, we rise and fall—
What is the end to be?

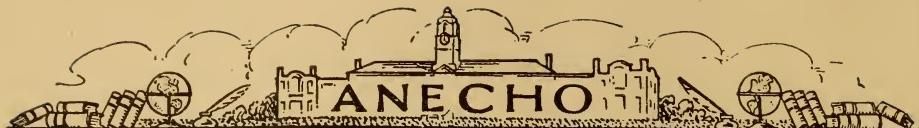
O world, such perils here we meet
Upon the rugged road,
Some rays of light, some lines of shades.
Life seems a heavy load.

So youth, with eager arms outstretched
And hearts aglow with fire,
Speak not but truth, think not but right.
Be this thy life's desire.

At last, the dusk of eve draws on,
Be strong, O heart, be strong!
Fear not the dusk, fear not the door,
For lo! an angel's song.

RUTH HANCOCK.





Oh Butler, Butler!

Characters:

Lord Lollingdon.

Reginald Oglethorpe (a friend of Lord Lollingdon).

William Fenerty (another friend).

Jenkins (butler to Lord Lollingdon).

Mrs. Grumby.

Mr. Grumby.

Miss Amelia Grumby.

Time: The present, 10.30 a.m.

Place: London.

Scene: (The curtain rises, showing the living-room of a flat in the West End. Fireplace in rear centre. Door to hall leading to the street—rear right. Door to Lord Lollingdon's den—right. There are sporting pictures on the wall, and silver trophy cups on the mantel over the fireplace. A wicker davenport and wicker chairs to match. A small library table, with shaded lamp. A golf bag stands in one corner and a pair of tennis racquets are crossed on one wall. The whole atmosphere of the room is distinctly masculine.)

Lord Lollingdon, a young English gentleman about 22 years of age, is seen in his morning lounging robe, seated well down in one of the wicker chairs reading the sporting pages of a London paper. There is a loud rap at the door and in come Reginald Oglethorpe and William Fenerty, both about the same age as Lord Lollingdon.

R.O.—Top of the morning to you Lollingdon, how's your liver? (*He slaps Lord Lollingdon on the back.*)

W.F.—Yes, old thing, how are you? And is your disposition any better than it was yesterday?

L.L.—Good night! Here come the imbeciles again. Am I never to have any peace?

R.O.—Why my boy, such ideas, and so early in the morning! I do believe that you are getting like your Aunt Matilda in your ways. By the way, how is your aunt?

L.L.—Spry as a girl of sixteen despite her eighty-odd years and queer ways.

W.F.—Not wanting to change the conversation or anything, you understand, but we came on a very important matter this morning.

L.L.—I can well believe it.

W.F.—We want you to join us at a very delightful little party we're giving to-night, in honor of Miss Crompton of The Wells. She has been leading lady there for two weeks now and you haven't met her, or any other members of the cast for that matter, so say you'll be along. It's the opportunity of your life!

L.L.—No, thanks, and I mean it. I've absolutely had enough of you two and your parties. My acquaintance with leading ladies came to an end last month, as you know, so be off with you. I intend to eat at the club to-night.

R.O.—Come, come, Lollingdon, one would think you were getting old. You always used to—

L.L.—No, sir, I'm through with inveigling women and their ways. Go ahead and have your party but leave me out. I mean it. (*Jenkins comes in through the outside door with the morning mail in his hand. He gives it to Lord Lollingdon. The other two go over to the far side of the room and whisper together.*)

L.L.—Thank you, Jenkins, the mail seems to be getting later and later these mornings.

J.—Yes, Sir, it is that. The mail carrier is getting so old, Sir, that he will be retired soon, I expect. (*Lord Lollingdon proceeds to open the mail.*)

L.L.—What the government ought to do is to get some new blood in the Post Office Department. A few really fast carriers from the old men's home might help. (*Lord Lollingdon reads part of one letter to himself and then finishes it aloud.*)—“and we would like very much for you to come down to Three Tree Manor for the week end. The weather may not be all that is to be desired, but the house will be all yours——” yes, and Lady Wakin-Jones neglected to state



that her daughter would be all mine too, if I could only see it. How I do despise these angling mamas with their marriageable daughters! I think I'll go off somewhere to the South Sea Islands, and sit all day on the beach, listening to the waves break, and the cocoanuts drop, and the bananas get ripe, and—

W.F.—(*Coming over*). Come out of it, come out of it. Now I'm sure you're getting old with that kind of talk. I must be on my way, but I expect to see you change your mind about tonight.

L.L.—Not me!

W.F.—Well, au revoir, and all that sort of thing.

L.L.—Jenkins, show this fellow out. He is in a hurry. Goodbye, Fenerty.

R.O.—Goodbye, Fenerty. (*He moves over to Lord Lollingdon. Exeunt Fenerty and Jenkins through the outside door.*) You know the trouble with you, Lollingdon, is that you are—

L.L.—Yes, I know what the trouble with me is; my good friends don't let me forget that. The real trouble with me is, that I have too much money and too little to do. There's my aunt who thinks I'm—

R.O.—Pretty soon you'll be hiring a pulpit to tell the world all about your aunt. What you want to do is to get rid of these socialistic ideas you seem to be getting and come with us to the party to-night.

L.L.—Always harking back to that. I wish you'd cut it. I'm trying to be serious for once in my life. It's about time.

R.O.—There must be a woman in the case.

L.L.—There you go. The chief imbecile—raving mad—I tell you I'm going to be serious from now on and—

R.O.—And lead a righteous and a sober life, amen. (*The outer door bell is heard to ring loudly, at which they both stop talking. In half a second Jenkins comes hurriedly in with a telegram in his hand.*)

J.—It's for you, Sir. (*He hands it to Lord Lollingdon, who takes it, tears it open and reads aloud.*) "Mrs. Audlin Bedford passed away quite suddenly this morning. Her last wish was that you come immediately and take charge of her affairs. Yours truly, Black and Cross, Barristers." Aunt Matilda—dead!

R.O.—Rather hard luck, old man. You'll go right away, of course?

L.L.—Well, it is rather hard to lose Aunt Matilda. She wasn't so bad, despite her ways. Yes, I'm going to catch the next train to Scotland. Hanged if it won't be livelier there than here in London with you lunatics.

R.O.—After a knock like that I should slay you outright, but to show my good nature I'll call a taxi for you.

L.L.—(*To Jenkins*) Bring my bag, and hurry. (*Looks at his watch*) I want to catch the 11.30 train, and it leaves in fifteen minutes from King's Cross. (*To Oglethorpe*) Use the phone in my den will you please, I'll need all the room in here for packing. (*Exit Jenkins, right.*)

R.O.—(*A broad grin on his face*) Righto. (*Exit, right. Jenkins comes in carrying a suitcase. Lord Lollingdon pulls out his watch again and begins to show signs of excitement.*)

L.L.—Hurry, hurry! I'll miss that train if you don't look out. (*Jenkins hurries back to the den and returns with a handful of shirts and collars. Lord Lollingdon grabs them and proceeds to stuff them into the suitcase. Jenkins, half maliciously, catches the spirit and begins to run back and forth with clothes. The air is literally filled with flying wearing apparel. Finally they have to kneel on the lid to get the thing closed. Oglethorpe enters, right.*)



R.O.—I say, is your tooth brush in?

L.L.—(*Impatiently*) Did you get a taxi?

R.O.—Yes, old bean, it ought to be at the door now. (*Lord Lollingdon jumps into the topcoat that Jenkins holds for him, and jams his hat on the front of his head. The outer door bell rings. He makes a run for the door. Jenkins picks up the suit case and follows. One leg of a pajama suit is seen hanging out of the end of the suit case. Oglethorpe is left standing alone in the room.*)

R.O.—Well, who would have believed it? I hope all goes well. (*He looks at his watch. After a minute Jenkins comes back in.*)

J.—This is a pretty pass. He said he'd be gone a month, but he didn't say what was to become of me. Probably he'll write by the next mail and say that he has decided to stay in the north and will let me out. Words wouldn't express what I think of aunts what suddenly take it into their heads to leave for parts unknown.

R.O.—Now, now, Jenkins, don't take it too hard. Lollingdon has rushed off in a bit of a hurry. But a—say, Jenkins, I can put you next to some easy money if you like. Some very good friends of mine wrote me that they were coming to London to-day, and I have been looking high and low for a suitable place to put them up. They rather depend on me, don't you know. Now how about you renting out this flat while Lollingdon is away. I'll never tell on you.

J.—Why, I couldn't do that, Sir. It wouldn't be right.

R.O.—You'll never be found out, Jenkins. Why, it's done every day.

J.—But my master might come back, Sir.

R.O.—They only want to stay a short while, and really, no one would ever find out. Then you will be that much in pocket.

J.—(*Thinking a minute or two*) How much in pocket, Sir?

R.O.—That's better. How would a pound a day for two days suit you? They don't want to stay longer.

J.—How many would there be, Sir?

R.O.—I'm not just sure, but I think there will be three of them.

J.—I'll—I'll do it, Sir, but you must promise me very faithful never to breathe a word of it to a soul. I'd be a gonner if you did, Sir.

R.O.—I promise, Jenkins. Don't you worry. Everything will be all right. I expect them to arrive at any moment. (*He looks at his watch.*) I'll go and meet them, and direct them here. Here's half the money now. (*He hands Jenkins a bill*) Goodbye. (*Exit through the outside door.*)

J.—(*Stops to think, with his chin in his hand.*) I wish somewhat I hadn't fallen in with that scheme. I have a feeling that no good will come of it. Just suppose my master should come back to-morrow. (*He slumps into a chair. Almost immediately there is a tremendous ring at the outer door bell. He jumps up.*) They can't be here already. It isn't natural! (*The loud voice of a woman is heard in the passage outside.*)

VOICE—There is nothing that a woman of will and determination cannot do, Mr. Grumby.

MR. G.—(*Also outside*) Yes, my dear.

J.—(*As he walks to the door.*) I do hope there are no ladies coming in. (*He opens the door in response to a loud rap, and in walks Mrs. Grumby, an over-dressed middle-aged lady, followed by Mr. Grumby, best described as hen-pecked, with Miss Amelia Grumby, young and good looking, behind her father.*)

MRS. G.—So this is the flat that Mr. Oglethorpe spoke about. It looks like the Bachelors' Club. We'll soon change that, won't we, Amelia?



J.—(*Who has been completely ignored*) How do you do. I didn't realize, ah—ah—

MRS. G.—That's all right, we did. This is my husband, Mr. Grumby, and this is my daughter, Amelia.

J.—How do you do. (*Mrs. Grumby and Amelia start immediately to rearrange the place. Amelia produces a bunch of flowers from a parcel she has. The pictures on the wall are shifted. The golf bag and tennis racquets disappear. Mr. Grumby sits in one of the chairs and reads a paper. Jenkins watches with a look of bewilderment on his face.*)

MRS. G.—(*Stopping to survey the work*) Henry, there is nothing that a woman of will and determination can't do.

MR. G.—Yes, my dear.

A.—Mother, I think that's just fine. Let's leave it now and do some shopping. You know we won't be here long.

MRS. G.—That's right. Henry, you haven't done anything but read that paper. Come, now, we are going shopping and you'll have something to carry.

MR. G.—Yes, my dear. (*He pulls out his watch and looks at it.*) Twenty minutes to twelve.

MRS. G. and A. (*Together*)—That's fine.

MRS. G.—(*To Jenkins*) Our trunks will come this afternoon. Be careful when bringing them in. If anything happens, it's as much as your life is worth. (*They turn and go out. Mrs. Grumby leading the way, Mr. Grumby next, and Amelia last. Amelia leaves her highly colored scarf on the table. As the door closes Jenkins sinks into one of the chairs with his hands over his eyes.*)

J.—(*After a pause*) What a nightmare! If Mr. Oglethorp were here I should give him his money back. Fancy having that old battle axe and her crew on my hands. The girl was rather good looking, though. (*The outer bell rings. Jenkins jumps up, but before he can reach the door it bursts open and in comes Lord Lollingdon, his hat on the back of his head and a terrible scowl on his face.*)

L.L.—Of all the fool things to happen. That taxi driver was crazy. He drove by way of the Strand, and landed in the middle of a traffic jam. A child of three would have known better. I told him I was in a hurry, plainly enough, but damned if he didn't do his best to make me miss that train. Things like that throw me off. Now I can't go till three o'clock. A pretty pickle.

J.—(*Wringing his hands*) It is that, Sir.

L.L.—Hello, what have you been doing to the room, Jenkins? It looks positively feminine.

J.—Oh no, Sir, just different. (*Aside*) I hope I can get him out before they come back. Then I'll show them and Mr. Oglethorp too, where the door is. I wonder if I ought to tell the master all? No, I'll pull through myself.

L.L.—(*Walking around the room*) You know, this is queer. Hello, what is this? (*He holds up Amelia's scarf.*)

J.—Well—you see, Sir—I really don't know, Sir—it would be hard to say—it wouldn't—it shouldn't be here, Sir!

L.L.—What?

J.—Well, you see, Sir, I—

L.L.—Yes, I guess I see all right, Jenkins. I am rather surprised at you, though. It is rather a bit off color to bring a—a—friend in, under the circumstances.

J.—No, Sir, no! You have me all wrong. I found that scarf in the hall.



L.L.—Well now, Jenkins, why didn't you say so in the first place. I apologize. I should have known better than to suspect you. Run out and get some Pall Mall cigarettes will you? I'm all out.

J.—Don't you think a stroll would do you good, Sir, after all your excitement?

L.L.—No! I'm all right. Hurry, I want those cigarettes.

J.—But you see, Sir, I have started cleaning here as you noticed, and I wouldn't want to stop in the middle of it.

L.L.—It seems to me, Jenkins, that you started more than you can finish.

J.—Very true, Sir. (*Aside*) I hope I can get him away before the old trumpet returns. (*To Lord Lollingdon*) Yes, Sir, quite a bit was started in your absence. (*Aside, again*) I know. I'll run out and phone him in a disguised voice to go to the club on some important business. (*To Lord Lollingdon*) Yes, Sir, I'll go right now and get those cigarettes.

L.L.—Here, take this female scarf with you. I don't want it hanging about.

J.—Yes, Sir. (*Exit Jenkins in a hurry after putting on his hat. Lord Lollingdon picks up one of the newspapers and becoming absorbed in it, sits slowly down, his back to the door. There is quite a pause. Then quite suddenly the outside door is opened and in comes Amelia.*)

L.L.—(*Without looking around.*) Put those cigarettes on the mantel and then you can get busy with that house cleaning you were so anxious about. (*He turns over the page*) Yes, and before you get started, you might just take my gray suit to the cleaners. You are getting absent-minded lately. (*Amelia stands petrified.*) Anyone would think that you didn't know the first thing about looking after a gentleman's clothes.

A.—I beg your pardon.

L.L.—(*Jumps up throwing his paper away.*) Who in the devil are you?

A.—May I ask who you are?

L.L.—What are you doing here?

A.—This is my room.

L.L.—(*Aside*) Then the rascal did lie to me after all. I thought so all along.

A.—Will you be so good as to tell me who you are and what you are doing here?

L.L.—(*Angrily*) Look here, I suppose because my man brought you here you think you own the place?

A.—(*Becoming angry*) What do you mean, your man brought me here?

L.L.—You know very well what I mean. I'll just trouble you to pack up and leave the quickest way you know how.

A.—And where do you get the authority to order people about like that?

L.L.—That's enough. Either you go out now or wait till that fellow comes back and I'll throw you both out. (*For answer Amelia sits down with her head half turned away as if terribly hurt, yet defiant. During the ensuing silence Lord Lollingdon fishes for a cigarette.*) Do you mind if I smoke?

A.—(*Bitingly*) I don't care if you burst into flames.

L.L.—(*Aside*) Jenkins evidently drew more than he bargained for. (*Just then the door is opened and in comes Mrs. Grumby, followed by Mr. Grumby. Amelia gets up and runs to her mother.*)

A.—Mother, this man—he insulted me—he said—oh, it's all so horrible.

MRS. G.—What ever is the matter, Amelia. Who is this person? (*She strides over to Lord Lollingdon, who backs away.*) What are you doing here?



L.L.—My word, what a question to ask.

MRS. G.—You'll answer it, young man, if it's the last thing that you do to-day. (*Lord Lollingdon edges away from her. Mrs. Grumby is followed by Mr. Grumby, who says nothing, but scowls frightfully.*)

L.L.—I say, look here. I think you are all bally well out of your heads, or else I'm dreaming.

MRS. G.—If you're not dreaming then you soon will be. Henry, there is nothing that a woman of will and determination can't do.

L.L.—So it seems. (*He gets around to the outer door. Just as he is about to reach it, it is flung open and there stands Jenkins, who takes in the situation at a glance and turns to run. Lord Lollingdon seizes him by the seat of the trousers.*) Come here, my pretty, not so fast. It seems to me that you are the one who can do the explaining that will clear things up. (*He shakes Jenkins violently.*) Now, out with it, who are these people? (*Mr. G. pulls out his watch.*)

MR. G.—Two minutes to twelve.

MRS. G.—I wish it were twelve o'clock.

A.—So do I.

L.L.—Jenkins, who are these people?

J.—I'll tell you, Sir. I know I did wrong but I—

MR. G.—Jenkins, don't say a word.

J.—Oh, yes, I will, these people are—

MRS. G.—(*Severely*) Jenkins, don't say a word.

MR. G.—(*Pulling out his watch again*) Twelve o'clock.

MRS. G. and A. (*Together*)—Good!

L.L.—Surely this is a mad house! (*The door bell rings at this moment, and in strides Oglethorpe and Fenerty. They stand a moment and look at the scene, and then break into howls of laughter. Lord Lollingdon senses that he has been the butt of a practical joke and strides over to them. Oglethorpe sees him coming and climbs on a chair.*)

R.O.—Listen now, listen, Lollingdon. Wait one minute. First let me introduce you to Miss Crompton (*indicating Amelia*); Miss Crompton, Lord Lollingdon. (*Lord Lollingdon stands stonily.*) Now let me introduce you to Miss Mae Roundly (*indicating Mrs. Grumby*), the greatest character actress in all England. Miss Roundly, Lord Lollingdon. (*Miss Roundly bows but Lord Lollingdon continues to glare at them.*) And finally, I want you to meet Mr. Jack Monday, the peer of all gag men. Now say, "how do you do." (*Lord Lollingdon turns away for a moment, then back.*)

L.L.—The joke's on me, everybody, how do you do. But tell me, is my aunt really dead?

R.O.—Spry as ever, and I guess I owe her an apology for taking her life like that. Fenerty and I hatched the plot here this morning. The telegram was faked, the taxi driver bribed, and instead of you meeting these folks tonight at the party, I brought them here to meet you.

L.L.—Well, I'm not so old that I can't take a joke, especially in the presence of such beauty and wit. (*He goes over to Miss Crompton*) Will you ever be able to forgive me?

MISS C.—No trouble at all, Lord Lollingdon.

L.L.—Let's all go out to lunch. (*As they all exit, R.O. hands the bowing Jenkins a bill.*)

WALTER SHAW.

(Not to be staged or produced without the permission of the author)



Meditation

As I, the other afternoon, my weary way did wend,
It struck me it was nearly time my life began to mend.

And I took to meditating upon my future life,
Whether I would single be, or whether take a wife.

And at my present evil life one fleet but searching look
Reminded me of those fair words I'd read within the "Book".

The words that I am thinking of, full everyone must know—
"That each and everyone must reap just that which he does sow".

We are reminded, there and then, in words both right and mete,
That if we've any brains at all we'll sow naught else but wheat.

Now very soon it seemed to me that it is very plain,
The "Prairies" is the only place to grow a crop of grain.

Besides, if everyone should grow a bounteous crop of wheat,
We soon would have a great deal more of this than we could eat.

Now there's but one alternative (as in the "Book" made plain),
That we will cultivate the tare unless we choose the grain.

But, as surely you remember, I was walking on the street,
And, frankly, this is not the place to plant a field of wheat.

And so I took to thinking, as I was wandering there,
That *my* harvest must comprise none other than the tare.

Now the power of suggestion may at times be very real,
And at this very moment I slipped upon some peel.

I fell upon the pavement with a loud and ponderous groan,
Full certain I no longer had a whole unbroken bone.

Arising from the pavement, I shook myself, and there
Upon my underside I found a long and gaping tare. G. D'A.

The Ostrich

Mehitable Morrison had a new hat,
With flowers and ribbons of blue,
And being exceedingly proud of her hat
She wore it, one day, to the zoo.

A greedy young Ostrich espied her new hat
And was charmed by its ribbons so blue,
He stretched forth his neck, gobbled up the new hat,
And what could Mehitable do?
* * *

"For dinner, there's nothing so nice as a hat,"
Said the Ostrich, "I'm *so* fond of blue." B. DAVIES.



A Decorator's-Eye View, or Life at P. N. S.

9.00 a.m. - 12.00 Noon

NORMAL needed renovating. There was no doubt about that! Why? Let me tell you. Did you ever notice those disfiguring heelmarks on the woodwork outside certain of the faculty offices, mute evidence of those hordes of weary, yet hopeful Norms, waiting for "Crits." Conversing there together in low, scarcely audible (?) tones, they would work off their surplus energy and nervous agitation by idly digging their heels—bump, bump—into the woodwork. Behold the disastrous results.

Those heel-marks must be eradicated, for would they not create a drastic impression in the open minds of next September's class, if interpreted by some well-informed person? They would, and that would never do!

So one fine Spring morning, what do you think happened? Up the steep hill to Normal toiled many laborers, I among them, all armed with the implements of our trade. We were decorators, hired to remove those distracting stimuli and improve the whole environment.

We began work, but soon a street car, with a big "10" sign, groaned outside, and countless layers of students, weighed down by books and lunches (mostly lunches, sad to relate), clambered out, and rushed into the school. A few cars drew up, and three or four students came dashing up from the ping-pong room. All seized their books. A bell sounded. Another scrum, then comparative silence.

We resumed our re-decorating. Then, as time wore on, peculiar noises hammered in our ears. No, it was not thunder, nor the sad sea waves; the sounds we heard were human voices, all talking at one and at the same time.

* * *

We stop work, lay down our tools, and creep cautiously down the hall. Suddenly—

"When did Constantinople fall?" booms on our ears.

We pause and scratch our heads, but, alas, our synapses are on the blink! We listen for the answer, all interest.

"Fourteen hundred and fifty-three" reply Classes A, B, C or D triumphantly, in unison. Their little eyes sparkle with enthusiasm. Such an easy history date!

We creep on. What do we hear?

"There will be a short test on 'Treasure Island' next week." The voice is drowned by an outburst of sighs which threaten to raise the roof.

Hastily, lest we, too, be caught in the meshes of the test, we rush on, sighing for the victims. A third voice rings in our ears.

"You will notice the next—chapters have been assigned."

All heads turn automatically to the far right-hand corner. Oh! A list of Roman numerals, headed by the word "Chapters." What can it all mean?

Through an open transom (we know not where) this timely warning issues forth:

"Beware of tobacco. It is very injurious to the nervous system. Refuse to become a slave to Lady Nicotine!"

This is no place for us! Thrusting our faithful pipes deep down into our pockets, we creep guiltily onward.

Up the stairs we climb, lightly, lest we disturb the peaceful slumbers of any "misfits." Our pulses quicken! Whatever?—



"C-a-t! C-a-t! Cat!" A demonstration lesson in phonics!! Sweet reminder of childhood days. We steal on with many a fond backward glance.

We start and stand rooted to the spot. A business-like voice arrests us.

"What is the case of the noun in the third sentence?"

Puzzled expressions creep over some forty faces. Then hands shoot up. Those high I. Q.'s again.

"Ho! What have we here? Students cluster around a desk like bees around a hive. Ah, yes! A book of brilliant-hued prayer-mats and designs lies open. Re-decorating seems a colorless art to this.

We approach two deserted rooms. Long tables, graced with cups and saucers, sugar bowls, etc., tell the tale. Our eyes are attracted to the walls.

"DRINK PLENTY OF WATER."

"EAT A HOT BREAKFAST."

"MILK FOR HEALTH."

Imbibing each message, we are immediately engrossed. But——

What assails our nostrils? Vegetable soup. Following our noses, we come to a big white room. Girls, also in white, rush here, there and back again! See that girl in the corner eating a raw carrot, which should be in the soup? Why, here's one, weeping copiously. Oh, she is peeling an onion. With marvellous self-control we restrain ourselves from rushing in upon the feast.

Hark! What is that? Distant sounds break on our ears, like restless waves pounding the rocky sea-shore.

We rush headlong down the stairs, clatter, clatter! All out of breath, we reach the auditorium doors.

So! Class D exercising their powerful lungs. Behold each and every one bending over a big brown book.

We descend to the lower regions. Through the cracked door-pane of the gym, we espied a class, at ease on the white line.

A student steps forward. What is she saying?"

"The exercise I am going to teach you is——. This is the exercise." (Squeak, squeak!—that loose gym. floor).

Class, atten-tion! More briskly, class! Stand at—ease! Now, atten-tion!" And so on.

We wend our way, duly impressed, up to the main hall again.

Click! click! A typewriter. No doubt that "True and False" test being typed. Poor, overworked students, theirs is a noble, self-sacrificing profession!

Ah! The announcement board!

"Will the following please call at the office——"

"Lost, a green fountain pen."

"Lost, a drill book; return at once, very important."

"Mr.——, please phone home."

A bell rings! Books close with a bang! Feet shuffle, and the student body rushes forth from the opened doors. They dash for their lunches, sprint to those two deserted rooms, tear open their boxes and munch, munch, munch! (indefinitely).

With awakened pangs of hunger we also run for our lunch-pails, our curiosity satisfied; our appetites about to be!

ELsie E. Eccles, Class B.

Our grand business is, not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Thomas Carlyle.



An "Ode To We Who Know a Lot"

(With apologies to Tennyson.)

On either side the Normal lie
Bright lawns that are both green and dry.
Yonder, Mount Tolmie meets the sky
And by the school a road runs by.
'Tis here we come to learn a lot.
So up and down the students go,
And daily doth their knowledge grow;
For marvellous are the things they know
And things that they know not.

June approaches, students quiver,
Exams are nearing and they shiver,
Pass they must or fail forever.
Oh! had they but worked a lot!
Four brick walls and one clock tower
Enclose the staff's deciding power.
"Spare, oh spare us in our hour!"
Will we graduate or not?

Now our I. Q's we're straining,
Our healthy, ruddy cheeks are waning,
Lazy instincts we're restraining,
Still the faculty's complaining
That our work is utter rot.
But at the closing of the year
They will pass us, never fear;
And we'll thank them with a cheer,
For they taught us such a lot.

Winnifred Beale.

Let us do our duty in our shop or our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front rank of some great battle, and we knew that victory for mankind depended upon our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in that great army which achieves the welfare of the world—Theodore Parker.

* * *

Knowledge is the hill which few may hope to climb; duty is the path that all may tread.—Lewis Morris.

* * *

In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves for a bright manhood, there is no such word as—*fail*.—Lord Lytton.

* * *

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.—George Eliot.

* * *

God never imposes a duty without giving time to fulfil it.—Ruskin.



Leaving The Normal

I bade farewell to the cows,
Even old Bill, the horse, seemed to know ;
And the chickens stood silent and sad
In a long and uneven row.

At the station the villagers chattered :
“So you’re off to Normal, my dear,
Don’t be out at nights in the city,
For there’s burglars and robbers, I hear.”

I was filled with conflicting emotions,
As I speeded o’er many a mile ;
Out into the world I was starting alone,
To meet each hardship and trial.

A roar and a rumble of traffic,
A ship stood—I hurried on ;
I hope this boat’s for Victoria,
And not for Japan and Ceylon.

I arrived at the Capital City,
“There’s a street car!” I cried with glee ;
“A ‘plane overhead, how exciting!”
No one took notice, but me.

I now am attending Normal,
New friends, new thoughts, I have found ;
But the sad day is fast approaching,
When the halls with farewells will resound.

HELEN GLEN.

Without dignity and character it is impossible to rise in the world—Chesterfield.

* * *

Cheerfulness, sir, is the principal ingredient in the composition of health—A. Murphy.

* * *

What’s all the noisy jargon of the schools, but idle nonsense of laborious fools.—J. Pomfret.

* * *

As birds are made to fly and rivers to run, so the soul to follow duty.—Romayana.

* * *

England excepts every man to do his duty.—Horatio Nelson.

* * *

Reading maketh a full man, conference maketh a ready man, writing an exact man.—Bacon.

* * *

Attempt the end, never stand in doubt ;
Nothing so hard but search will find it out.—Herrick.

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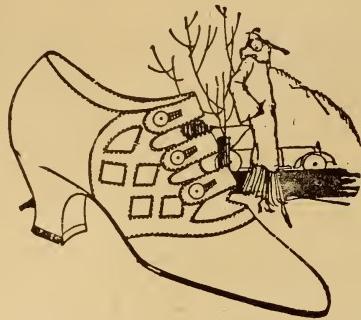
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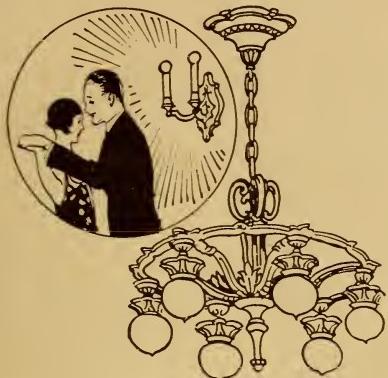
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A Yankee and an Irishman rode past the gallows. "Aha, Pat," said the American, "where would you be if the gallows had its due?"

"Riding alone, I guess."

* * *

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* * *

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ing how late the other fellow is
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